The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR. | YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY. NOV. 15, 1888. | NUMBER 463.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.

Washtenaw Association.

Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:00; Sunday school at noon; prayer meeting at 6:30, p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday.

Congregational.

Jackson Association.

Church on Adams, corner of Emmet — Rev. W. T. Beale, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal.

Detroit District—Detroit Conference.

Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis—Rev. J. Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Presbyterian.

Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.

Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, D. D., pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Protestant Episcopal.

Diocese of Michigan.

St. Luke's, Huron street—Rev. M. S. Woodruff, rector. Service at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.

Roman Catholic.

Diocese of Detroit.

St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—Rev. Wm. DeBever, pastor. First mass at 8 o'clock Sunday morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Evangelican Lutheran (German).

Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—Rev. M. Klonke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.

African Methodist Episcopal.

First District—Michigan Conference.

Church on Buffalo street, corner of Adams—Rev. J. H. Miller, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:15; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Colored Baptist.

Rev. W. H. Johnson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and evening, in McAndrew Hall.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Methodist church in January, Presbyterian in February, Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. W. J. Wilcox, president; Wm. Lister, secretary.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Maggie Adair, president; Mrs. Bailes, secretary.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'Ooge, president; Miss Lutie Densmore, secretary.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

Phœnix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet last Thursday in each month, in Masonic Block. A. McNicol, W. M.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.

Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Union Council, No. 10, R. & S. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephenson, T. I.; W. L. Pack, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.

Wyandotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Carpenter Post, No. 180—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; E. Holbrook, Adjt.

ROYAL TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Council, No. 47—Meet first and third Mondays in each month, in Good Templar Hall. Mrs. Mercy Whipple, S. C.; W. H. Hall, Rec. Sec.; C. F Comstock, Fin. Sec.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Tuesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. H. Neiman C. T.; Miss Lettie Wilkinson, Sec.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Wednesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Lottie Mitchell, Patriarch; Hattie Ruthruff, Scribe.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Rec.; Math. Stein, F.

Washtenaw Lodge, No. 27—Meet first and third Friday of each month in Masonic Block. F. J. Swaine, M. W.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Rec.; A. A. Bedell, F.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesdays of each month. O. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Howland, F. R.; Wm. Judd, Rep.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Ægis Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Lodeman, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

Wolverine Tent, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

St. John's Branch, No. 39—Meet every Tuesday evening, in St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.

FRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.

Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Thursdays of each month. F. H. Barnum, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, W. Rec.; H. D. Wells, Col.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).

Meet every Wednesday evening, at hall on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Elijah Artis, Sec.

GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.

D. C. GRIFFEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Money Loaned, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.

F. HINCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Real Estate Exchange. Laible Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.

F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Rooms 10 and 11, Savings Bank Building, Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFFICE, corner Cross and Adams Streets.

F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron street, Ypsilanti.

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, M. D. Office No. 18 Washington street, at Dr. Trip's old stand. Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

F. K. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.

O. E. PRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, office and residence on Washington street, opposite Baptist Church.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, WASHINGTON Street, near Michigan, Ypsilanti.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence corner Huron and Ellis streets, Swift place. Telephone No. 45.

C. W. MEAD, M. D., D. S., OFFICE OVER Frank Smith's drug store. Hours, 7:30 to 9 a. m., 1:30 to 3 p. m., and evening. Teeth extracting a specialty.

THOMAS SHAW, PRACTITIONER OF MEDICINE, Surgery and Gynecology, No. 35 Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc. Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

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SMITH & OSBAND, Publishers.

(BEN. C. SMITH, WM. M. OSBAND.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 4 Mail*	2 Day Express*	6 N. Y. Express	10 Atlantic Express	12 Night Express	14 Gr. Rapids Express.*
Chicago	5 00	9 00	3 10	10 10	9 10	.....
Kalamazoo	10 20	1 33	6 58	3 35	2 27	7 10
Grand Rapids	[illegible]	1 10	5 40	[illegible]	[illegible]	6 45
Jackson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	9 35
Ann Arbor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6 00	10 40
YPSILANTI	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6 17	10 53
Denton's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	.....
Wayne Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6 43	11 11
West Detroit	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	7 20	11 40
Detroit	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	7 30	11 50
Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	.....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 11 Mail*	3 Day Express*	5 Chicago Express	15 [illegible]	7 Evening Express	9 Pacific Express.†	21 News Express.*
Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1 00	.....
Detroit	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 15	3 45
West Detroit	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	10 25	3 55
Wayne Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8 38	10 55	4 25
Denton's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	.....	.....
YPSILANTI	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 18	4 45
Ann Arbor	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 35	5 00
Jackson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	12 54	6 00
Grand Rapids	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.....	6 00	10 00
Kalamazoo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3 07	8 40
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	7 00	7 45	.....

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal. Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago. H. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI. Fr'gt*	Mail and ex.‡		TO YPSILANTI. Mail and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ypsilanti	[illegible]	4 00 pm
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pittsfield	[illegible]	3 30
[illegible]	[illegible]	Saline	[illegible]	3 05
[illegible]	[illegible]	Bridgewater	[illegible]	2 35
[illegible]	[illegible]	Manchester	[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Watkins	[illegible]	12 30
[illegible]	[illegible]	Brooklyn	[illegible]	11 20 am
[illegible]	[illegible]	Woodstock	[illegible]	11 02
[illegible]	[illegible]	Somerset	[illegible]	10 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	Somerset Centre	[illegible]	10 25
[illegible]	[illegible]	Jerome	[illegible]	10 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	North Adams	[illegible]	9 25
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hillsdale	[illegible]	8 30
[illegible]	[illegible]	Chicago	[illegible]	.....
[illegible]	[illegible]	Toledo	[illegible]	.....
[illegible]	[illegible]	Cleveland	[illegible]	.....
[illegible]	[illegible]	Buffalo	[illegible]	.....

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only. †Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only. ‡Daily except Sunday.

WABASH & WESTERN.

Going West.			Going East.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Detroit	11 45	9 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	Romulus	11 00	9 07
[illegible]	[illegible]	Belleville	10 46	8 55
[illegible]	[illegible]	Willis	....	8 45
[illegible]	[illegible]	Whittaker	....	8 34
[illegible]	[illegible]	Milan	10 17	8 20
[illegible]	[illegible]	Adrian	9 30	7 30

DETROIT, LANSING AND NORTHERN.

Going North.			Going South.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Detroit	3 45	9 40
[illegible]	[illegible]	Plymouth	2 55	8 52
[illegible]	[illegible]	Salem	2 40	8 38
[illegible]	[illegible]	South Lyon	2 30	8 28
[illegible]	[illegible]	Howell	1 56	7 53
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lansing	12 50	6 45

TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR AND N. M.

Going North.			Going South.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Toledo	5 00	10 45
[illegible]	[illegible]	Milan	3 50	9 40
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pittsfield	3 22	9 18
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ann Arbor	3 07	9 08
[illegible]	[illegible]	Leland	2 50	8 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	Whitmore Lake	2 36	8 36
[illegible]	[illegible]	Howell	1 55	7 55
[illegible]	[illegible]	Owosso	12 30	6 35

FLINT AND PERE MARQUETTE.

Going North.			Going South.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Toledo	....	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Romulus	....	3 20
[illegible]	[illegible]	Wayne	9 20	3 10
[illegible]	[illegible]	Plymouth	9 04	2 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	Northville	8 53	2 42
[illegible]	[illegible]	Flint	7 12	1 05
[illegible]	[illegible]	E. Saginaw	5 55	11 50

Fine House for Sale.

The late residence of J. J. Stephenson, 144 Congress street west. Also, a few pieces of fine furniture. Apply to Jay Worden.

I have for rent a suit of six rooms for housekeeping; also, one store.

AUSTIN GEORGE.

A bargain at Comstock's. Heavy dress flannel 50 in. wide only 50c.

Attention is called to the advertisement of S. M. Dodge in another column. Mr. Dodge has recently purchased a complete set of trial lenses. Eugene Dodge, who received a diploma from the celebrated Prof. King, of Cleveland, will have charge of the optical department.

For Sale.

2 brick blocks on Congress street,
3 houses and lots " "
2 " " Huron "
2 " " Hamilton "
1 house and lot on East Cross "
1 " " Prospect "
1 " " Adams "
1 " " Forest avenue.
Also houses to rent. Enquire of

E. R. MOREHOUSE.

Given Away.

A ticket given with every $1 or more purchase of goods, entitles the holder to one chance in the drawing of a 5-octave Smith organ, at W. H. Davis' Shoe House, Tyler Block, Congress street, Ypsilanti.

Ladies Who Bloat.

What a general number there are; how uncomfortable it makes them; it is almost impossible for those afflicted to enjoy life. In my private practice I have always found Sulphur Bitters to be the best remedy. All who are thus troubled should use it.

6263 Mrs. Dr. Childs, Boston.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Delcey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington street. 454

Mere Mention.

Neighbor Cowell, of the 4th ward, illuminated his house in honor of election. Thursday night.

Bostwick Chapman and family, from Newport, Monroe county, have removed to this city and located in one of John Norton's new houses on Hamilton street, for the education of their grandchildren.

Charles M. Fellows, late prohibition candidate for Congress in this district, has decided to locate here, and has rented the house on Ellis street adjoining S. H. Dodge's residence.

Rev. Harold F. Sayles left last Friday for Cleveland, where he is engaged in evangelistic work.

The Commercial is offering a prize for the best guess at the number of beans in a jar. Our enterprising neighbor should have done a little practicing on the beans upon his own account, before guessing that the democrat majority in this county would be two thousand. One should at least know beans before venturing to predict the result of an election.

The Presbyterian society are laying a flag-stone walk along the Ellis street front of their parsonage.

Just before election, Mr. Manley who was a member of the legislature, came down to Superior town house to tell the democrat boys how to do election day. Among other things, he told them not to cut the Congressional ticket. Well, when election day came, about a dozen of them concluded to obey orders and so voted the straight republican ticket, from top to bottom. A very simple way that to carry out instructions, Bro. Manley, don't get weary in well doing.

Superior gave only 19 democrat majority, 22 less than two years. Mr. Stearns made a speech at the town house.

The Argus says, the democrats should make not one step backwards. Jesso, Bro. Argus. You have made long strides towards the river Styx the past four years, and we hope you will follow your own advice and go right forward.

Don't expect those farmers between Ann Arbor and Saline, in town for several days. They're busy cutting up "them poles" into fence posts.

The next democrat issue will be, "Let us pull ourselves together."

The prevalence of typhoid fever suggests the necessity of great vigilance on the part of our sanitary board.

Mr. Stearns in the Adrian press says: "Mr. Allen may take the fleece, and if he wants the mutton, he can have that too." All right, Mr. Stearns, but was it not "the old ram in the hucklberry marsh" after all, instead of "the steers in the cornfield," that was stirring up the central fires?

Glad to see the work on the Business College moving forward. Prof. Cleary is deserving of much praise for his courage, and should be encouraged in his worthy enterprise.

But mousie, thou art not alone
In proving foresight may be vain,
The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Neighbor Argus, did ye see?

Which do the democrats blame for the loss of money on the election, the activity of republicans or the deception of their party leaders? Answer deferred.

Rev. W. T. Beale preaches to business men at the Congregational church next Sunday evening, subject, "A Desirable Bank Account, or an Investment that Pays." The morning subject will be "Honesty in Belief, or Reason's Ultimate Demand." Mr. Beale's idea is live preaching to living people. Seats are free and all are welcome.

To the person who returned certain slips with the remark that they, the democrats, would have no use for any fog horn after next March, we beg to say, You were wiser than you knew. You will have no ship of state to guide after that date, and why should you need the danger signal?

It will gratify the friends of Mr. Powers to know that he received a larger complimentary vote in Cadillac than his opponent did in Ypsilanti. Neither of the gentlemen have anything to feel cross over, so far as compliments go.

Wilson, who had an altercation with Snowden some days ago, was sent to the county jail, yesterday, for twenty days. The justice is a very kind-hearted man.

The Follett House changed hands again last Friday, Mr. Thomas Mathias of Owosso having purchased the property. The popular clerk, Mr. George Murnan, remains, and becomes manager as well.

Attention is again called to the concert at Ann Arbor, Nov. 26, under the auspices of the University Musical Society. To accommodate Ypsilanti friends, the concert will begin at 7:30 p. m., and tickets will be on sale at Samson's Wednesday, Nov. 21st.

We call attention to Prof. Haupt's notice in another column, and trust the citizens of this city will visit his class exercises.

The republicans of Washtenaw have fought a magnificent campaign and much good has been done by the powerful speeches of Sawyer and Lawrence. To Wm. Osband, the chairman of the county committee, great credit is due for his hard and efficient work against discouraging odds. With no money from assessments at his disposal he has given his time and energy to a hopeless task, and with grand results.—Ann Arbor Courier. Thanks neighbor Courier. We acknowledge ourselves not above the common weakness of mortals in feeling gratified in knowing that our efforts in a good cause are appreciated. The best fruits mature slowly and the steady increase in the republican vote for the last four years, gives promise of a harvest at no distant day which may well stimulate our best efforts.—W. M. O.

Personal.

Miss Nellie Chambealain is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. W. Guise of the Casino Opera Co., Chicago.

Mr. Miles, agent for the Detroit Tribune, paid our office a pleasant call Monday.

Mr. A. A. Graves has recovered from typhoid fever and is at his place of business again. He reports three of his children suffering from the same disease.

Mrs. John Knapp, of Northville, visited her old friend, Mrs. Nellie Yerkes of this city, Monday.

Our popular grocer, Mr. Charles E. King, may well feel happy to find he has so many friends at his own home. The vote for him was very flattering.

N. J. Ross of Ann Arbor and Miss May Duffy of this city were married last week.

Mr. Watson Snyder of Petoskey writes pleasantly and gives orders to renew his subscription. He is satisfied that this is is a "bad year for free trade."

Mr. E. J. Dunbar, representing the American Building Association of Minneapolis, gave our office Tuesday, a pleasant call. He is seeking to organize a branch association in this city and his plan so far as outlined suggests to our business men, the desirability of further examination.

We have been permitted to read a letter from the Rev. M. Grannis, former Congregational pastor here, now of St. Louis, written some weeks ago. He speaks in enthusiastic terms of his vacation, which he had spent in the mountains of North Carolina, and from which he had returned full of energy and ozone for his year's work, He climbed Mt. Mitchell, 6866 feet high and requiring a jaunt of 14 miles. Precipitous rocks, ravines and laurel jungles were its features, with a few long-haired, shiftless mountaineers living in the valleys.

Mrs. E. P. Allen and Mrs. D. C. Batchelder spent Monday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cushman of Webster spent Wednesday with Mrs. Captain Allen.

Mr. Frank Robinson has returned from Lansing and has entered Cooper's photograph gallery.

Mrs. Ella M. Flowers, who has been visiting her sister in Detroit the past two weeks, has returned home.

Hon. Wm. Ball of Hamburg, for many years a member of our legislature, and now mentioned as the prospective president pro tem of the next Senate, called at this office, yesterday.

Charles R. Foster of Sioux City, Iowa, visited Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Post, last week. Mr. F. is their son-in-law.

Mrs. L. L. Hayden has been staying at Tulare, Cal., for two months, and is much improved in health.

Ben Joslyn was in town last week.

Guy Haywood of Detroit is spending a few days with his parents in this city.

Prof. Sill occupied the M. E. pulpit Sunday, Mr. Venning being absent to attend the dedication of the new church in Bay City, on which occasion $24,000 was raised.

Mr. T. H. Wardell of Oakville came to town to-day to pay his respects to Congressman Allen. Mr. W. is one of the energetic workers of Monroe county, and his work told to republican advantage.

Mr. Elgin E. Darling of London, Mich., was married Wednesday, Nov. 14, to Miss Bertha E. Draper of Ypsilanti, and on Nov. 8, Mr. Joseph Lotharius to Miss Viola H. Hoffman, both of this city, Rev. J. Venning officiating in both instances.

Col. Sanford's Lecture.

The second lecture of the Normal Course was given in Normal Hall Friday evening, Nov. 9. Col. Sanford, the lecturer, has been a persistent and extensive traveler. Beginning as a mere boy, he went from country to country, until he has eaten bread, as he expresses it, in every land in the world. Three times he has been around the globe, and in comparing the civilizations old and new he found the material of his lecture.

Old and new are relative terms. In a mushroom western city, a house is old in ten years; while the antiquities of Egypt were so hoary with age in the times of Herodotus that their origin was unknown. So passing from the more recent to the older, the lecturer spoke of the countries where civilization is old and unchanging, and where monuments tell of older and still older dynasties. He spoke of the lore of the ancients; of the lost arts, among which he enumerated the art of engraving on rubies and diamonds; of the engineering skill which lifted the massive steps of the pyramids, and swung into place, in the wall of Jerusalem, a huge block of stone twenty four feet long. Returning to younger peoples and our own times, he drew a vivid contrast as he spoke of the inventions, arts, and discoveries of the present day, and their influence in shaping our civilization. The lecture was full of information, and enlivened by a flow of graceful and genial humor which kept the audience in abounding good spirits.

The official canvass of Washtenaw will be given complete next week. Over Harrison, Cleveland has 931 majority, Burt 922 over Luce, Stearns 675 over Allen, Babbitt 679 over Wheeler, Dwyer 773 over Martin, Lowden 543 over Wortley, Joslyn 842 over Moriarty.

A musical program and social will be given by the young people's society of the M. E. church, at the parsonage, next Tuesday evening, Nov. 20th. A hearty invitation is extended to Normal students. Admission 10 cents.

BUY FOR CASH! and get a ticket in the drawing of an Upright Piano, at Hewitt & Champion's.

THE REPUBLICAN JUBILEE.

The City Painted Red—Thousands Throng Her Streets.

Splendid Illuminations, Residences Beautifully Decorated, and a Grand Time Generally.

The torch light procession last evening in honor of the election of Harrison and Morton filed down Washington street promptly on the time announced for it to start, led by ex-Mayor Cornwell and J. B. Wortley and followed by a troup of about 75 horsemen well mounted and spurred, and after them a thousand enthusiastic republicans bearing torches. These were followed by carriages and wagons mostly from our neighboring city, "loaded down with Harrison men" and ladies, withal, the whole procession extending well nigh a mile in length. Well trained bands were distributed within the line and formed a part of the procession. While they discoursed sweet music, the tin horn brigade were assiduous in their efforts to voice the exultant spirits of the vast throng both in the line and along the walks between which they passed.

It would be impossible to speak in detail of the illuminations along the extended route. It seemed certain that not a republican in those miles of marching had failed to respond to the invitation to display his colors. Everywhere the houses were luminous with burning tapers within and thousands of Chinese lanterns without. Huge bonfires were builded by the roadsides and rockets and Roman candles and red lights sent out their glad welcome to the approaching throng. Scores of houses were literally surfaced with lanterns and deserve special mention for the artistic skill displayed in the arrangement of the lights, and picturesque mingling of colors, but to so mention them would be like writing up a directory of the city. They were altogether too many for us. No wonder Ypsilanti city gave a republican majority at the polls. Here and there in the first, second and third wards, were seen houses with little sign of life. Evidently the occupants had not heard that the day of jubilee had come, or perhaps, if they had, that it boded no expansion to them of liberty or joy, and so they had retired early. Some were unkind enough to suggest they had started for Salt Springs by the usual route. It is confessed that the journey through the fifth ward was rather dismal. Nearly everybody had retired early and but few doors stood ajar, but along Mill street in the fourth and Oak street, the signs of merriment and delight were frequent and the display decidedly beautiful. Through north Huron, Forest Avenue, Normal, Pearl and Hamilton, the boys were everywhere greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs and pyrotechnic displays that told the story of a great victory. A halt was made in front of Congressman Allen's on Hamilton street, where our distinguished guests, Senator Palmer, Hon. S. M. Cutcheon, and our honored representative took carriage on their way to the opera house. The march had lasted two and one half hours, in the midst of the largest and most jubilant crowd of people that ever thronged the thoroughfares of our beautiful city. Everybody seemed happy and consequently there was an abundance of good nature throughout.

At the opera house, after a few remarks by Prof. George, President of the young men's club, and chairman of the meeting, the following telegram from Hon. Richard Gunther of Wisconsin was read: "Please convey to the republicans of Ypsilanti, my hearty congratulations on their splendid victory. Let joy be unconfined this evening." Mr. Cutcheon was then introduced, but before he was allowed to proceed, Senator Palmer proposed that the whole audience rise and sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and promised "to start the tune himself." After this was done Mr. Cutcheon spoke, followed by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Allen. It is sufficient for us to say that the speeches, though brief, were highly appreciated. These gentlemen are too well known to everybody in this city, to require comment. They always make good speeches, and this was no exception. The bonfire after the meeting closed the demonstration. The day had been one of busy preparation but the night had more than realized the most sangnine hopes.

Friends came from Ann Arbor, Saline, Milan and the different townships contiguous, and Ypsilanti gave them a most cordial welcome. The banners bore many a strange device and none but an American could really appreciate the point of the jokes they suggested. Even Minister West might stumble over the interpretation of them. One was of a pathetic character. It was a farewell scene, and words: "Good bye, Old Grover Good bye," written above it, embodied an immense amount of pathos. Another was of a commercial cast and suggested Grover's idea of raw material, which is supposed always to be cheap. It was a "free" sheep which had made Grover very uncomfortable because it had used its freedom to increase Grover's locomotion. The mottos were various: "Education is safe;" "Michigan is ours;" "King can run his grocery, we've got the Powers;" "Education is the bane of the democracy." David and Goliath represented Harrison and Cleveland, the latter of course to great disadvantage. Harrison's picture was prominent in the procession. "What caused the earthquake," was a pertinent question. A live rooster was carried on the top of a pole in the line. An Egyptian Mummy represented the democrat party.

This demonstration ends the election excitement and no doubt all are glad. If it tended to awaken any unkind feelings in the breasts of the opposition, they should recall four years ago when Blaine was burned in effigy and call it quits. Now for business and the things that make for our peace.

Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gridley were greatly surprised on the evening of the 7th, by their friends invading their premises and taking possession of their home, at the same time announcing their intention to celebrate the twelveth anniversary of their wedded life. Out side, the rain poured down incessantly, and darkness prevailed. Meanwhile, an Ypsilanti 'bus, loaded to its utmost capacity, was plodding its way through the mud, with much fun and good humor, when, lo and behold, the horses resolved to rest, being only eighty rods from the house. An hour in the rain was not so funny, but after much coaxing, the horses concluded to proceed on their journey and arrived at their destination in safety. The evening was an enjoyable event, and all the delicacies of the season were served by the ladies in a superb manner.

The presents consisted of a handsome willow rocker, a plush album, a beautiful table spread, a corner easel, a large berry dish, and a handsome water set. They were presented by Mrs. Joe Miller in a few well chosen remarks which were responded to by Mr. G., thanking the people for their kind remembrences. The "wee smae" hours were creeping on when the guests returned home, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Gridley many years of happiness and prosperity.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Good Nature in Defeat.

We are glad to see in our city so much good nature manifested by both the victors and victims in the election. Of course it is the time for republicans to laugh and even the democrats can't blame them, but in the midst of their fun, they do not fail to appreciate the philosophical manner with which the disappointed take their defeat. This is as it should be. We are all citizens of the same country, and all should be merry, for the whirligig of time will some day bring round a mutual interchange of places. It is far better for a dyed-in-the-wool democrat to stand up and jokingly declare that he never wore a white hat with black band, than to get mad and kick the stove over and smash the china, or get sick and go to bed. We have a few of this latter sort, we are told, among us, but we hope their numbers may steadily grow less. In the nature of the case, we are compelled to play at teeter, and so when one goes up, the other must go down, and what's the use of making faces about it?

Ypsilanti Township.

The vote of Ypsilanti township on Congressional Candidates shows that the republicans have not been asleep since 1884. The following is the vote:

	1884.	1886.	1888.
E. P. Allen	190	166	200
N. B. Eldredge	129	...	...
Charles Moshier	13	...	...
Lester Saulsbury	...	94	...
A. O. Crozier	...	37	...
W. Stearns	...	...	116
C. M. Fellows	...	...	14
Totals	332	297	330

The handsome gain in the last election shows what can be done when the republicans do their duty as they did last week. It furthermore shows the advantage of working in unison and conformity with the County Committee's plan and method. We commend the above to those townships which failed to fall into line with the general movements.

Normal Items.

The close of the first ten weeks makes some changes. New classes are formed in Political Economy and Comparative Zoology.

New students are coming in this week.

Col. Sanford,s lecture was instructive and enjoyable.

An aquarium and various other helps to practical work will soon be added to the Natural Science department.

Miss Eva DuBois paid the Normal a visit on Monday. She is teaching near Bedford.

Congratulations are in order. Prof. Pease counts an added member in his home choir,—soprano.

Normal Lecture and Music Course.

The next entertainment in the Normal Course will be a lecture by the eloquent orator and humorist. DR. JAMES HEDLEY, next Monday evening, Nov. 19. Subject, *The Suuny Side of Life.* Dr. Hedley is without doubt the finest Lecturer on the American platform. Price of admision to those not holding season tickets, 50 cents. Cupon tickets for sale at Samson's.

E. M. Comstock & Co.'s sale of dress flannels has gone beyond their expectation.

Professor A. P. Haupt gives free lectures beginning tomorrow, Friday, and also Saturday, Monday Tuesday, and Wednesday in Savings Bank Building at 3:30, 4:30, and 8 p. m. daily, on his successful method of teaching German by which he imparts a practical knowledge of German in five weeks' most interesting lessons. He gives only one course in Ypsilanti.

The eloquent Dr. Hedley at Normal Hall next Monday night. Tickets for sale at Samson's.

Look at the advertisement of J. E. Matthews, Broommaker, in our advertising columns.

Dresses cut and fitted and made to order, in the latest styles, at Hewitt & Champion's.

For information on coloring butter send to Thatcher Mfg. Co., Potsdam, N. Y., manufacturers of Thatcher's Orange Butter Color, the finest goods in the world for that purpose.

Paying the Bet.

In the late election, Mr. Frank DeMosh, our popular livery man, was on the winning side, and last Saturday, precisely at 12 noon, he mounted a gaily decorated cart prepared for the purpose, and was drawn from his barn on Congress street up to Washington and so on around the block, by Wm. J. Quindley, the loser in the game, while the gathering multitude betokened great interest and the good natured guys, their keen relish of the fun. Mr. Quindley is from Middleburg, Mass., and is one of the firm transiently located here for the purpose of buying poultry to ship east.

We have not learned which of the two gentlemen enjoyed the fun most, but can make a close guess, we think.

Don M. Dickinson expects to locate in New York city, not because Michigan is too small for the proper exercise of his powers, but because he doesn't enjoy a tropical climate.

Will those postmasters who sat up nights to find cause for removing worthy officials in order to get their places, tell us how they look upon such methods since the election?

Wonder if those numerous documents which accidentally got lost in transit before election will now be fished out of their places of concealment?

Is anybody sorry now for the President's application of civil service reform?

An Interesting Open Letter.

From a teacher in the Kendall National College, Washington, D. C.

The three weeks I have spent under Professor Haupt's instruction have been not only wonderfully profitable but *exceedingly enjoyable.* As several members have remarked, one wakes every morning with an undefined sense of something uncommonly agreeable which is to happen during the day, and suddenly remembers that this prospective pleasure is an hour in Germany, under the guidance of that *rara avis*—a born teacher. I took French two years of a professor of that language in a leading New England college, and can truly say *at the close of three weeks with you I have more practical German at my command than I had French at the expiration of two years.* What German I possess is practical, and I can use it without stopping to think out case terminations. At the end of my French course I could not carry on a conversation upon any topic for fifteen consecutive minutes, although I was thoroughly grounded in the conjugations of irregular verbs, and understood clearly the mysterious dispensations of a French professor in regard to pronouns. Yours very respectfully.

SARAH W. PORTER,

To PROF. A. P. HAUPT.

Most interesting lectures descriptive of Haupt's method and his manner of teaching will be given daily this week, and Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week over the New Savings Bank Building, Ypsilanti. Hours, 3:30, 4:30, and 8 p. m. Professor Haupt's course opens during the above days and only one course will be given here.

Fat Stock Show at Chicago.

Special excursion tickets will be sold on Monday Nov. 12, Wednesday 14th, Friday 16th, Monday 19, Wednesday 21st, and Friday 23d at one and one-third fare for round trip with fifty cents added for admission to the show.

Tickets good five days on all trains except the Limited Vestibuled Express No. 5 and 6. 6263

For Sale Cheap.

One large size Empire Gas burner Coal Stove in first class order. Enquire Jas. H. Davis, Congress street.

The Bazarette opening is booming at a grand rate. Everybody seems delighted with the beautiful display, and no doubt the care given in displaying the stock so nicely will bring forth an abundant reward.

A heavy all wool flannel dress at Comstock's for $3.

Dr. Hedley next Monday evening, Normal Hall. Tickets at Samson's.

Get your eyes tested at Hough's. That's the place, 25 Huron street.

Fur muffs at Comstock's for 50 cents.

Be sure and call on your Bazarette friends this week.

Call and examine Hough's three dollar solid gold spectacles and eye glasses.

The best plush in town for $25 is at Comstock & Co.'s.

Don't fail to hear the eloquent and witty Dr. Hedley at Normal Hall next Monday evening. Tickets at Samson's.

Every one should see the 50c dress flannel, 52 inches wide at Comstock & Co.'s.

Buy your thimbles at Hough's.

A good second hand organ for sale very cheap. Also a barn to rent. Enquire of Mrs. D. Fraser, Congress St.

Germantown yarn 15 cents a skein at Comstock & Co.'s.

Look out for Hough's great opening the last of this month. Wait, it will pay you.

An Iowa man has had 235 boils in the last five years. After so many boils, he ought to be about done.

Flowers do not vote yet they have pollen places.

We don't think the monopolists will get up a corner on glass. That would be too transparent a scheme.

It is just as necessary furnace men to register as for other voters.

Possibly those dissenting Indians had better Sioux the Government for damages.

Bills that did not pass Congress are not necessairly counterfeit.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, . MICH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

NOW that Kyrle Bellew has returned to this country boarding-school maidens will believe that life is worth living.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria is very fond of music, but he is thoroughly tired of the bauditti his realm produce.

AT a country exhibition a small house made entirely of honey has the appropriate inscription of "Home, Sweet Home."

KANSAS is reported well fixed for coal cars this fall and winter, a large number having been released from construction duty.

AT a meeting of socialists in Paris it was decided to issue a call for an international socialist congress during the exposition of 1889.

UP to date 8,000,000 silver dollars, weighing 240 tons, have been received from the Philadelphia mint and placed in the new vault in the treasury department.

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the mind-reader, seems to have recovered from the mental strain which overtook him in California, as he is now giving seances in the City of Mexico. The rarefied air of that locality should be avoided by Mr. Bishop.

MRS. RUTH HULL, of Wallingford, Conn., is now seventy-four years of age and it is feared that she cannot live many more days. She wants to be buried in the cradle she was rocked in when a baby. Her wish will be carried out, and the cradle has been transformed into a coffin.

A NOTE from Col. Cockerill of the New York *World* to the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that a letter from the physician who is traveling with Mr. Pulitzer in Europe states that Mr. P's general condition is much improved and that he only requires a few months more of perfect rest to restore his sight and fit him for active employment.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER begins to show the effects of the hard work he has done as a literary man. His hair, beard and mustache are very gray and give him an older look than his years warrant. He is in good health, however, and his firm step shows that his sedentary habits, though they have whitened his hair, have not weakened his body.

THE English Board of Trade have just issued a report upon the accidents which occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during the past year, from which it appears that the total number of passengers carried, exclusive of season ticket holders, was 733,-670,000, and the proportion of passengers killed and injured from all causes was one in 6,064,000 killed and one in 565,667 injured.

JAY GOULD has been reading the "Quick or the Dead" for recreation. He was asked if it entertained him. He said: "Tolerably. It is a curious study of a morbid mental condition in a woman. The features which I suppose have popularized it are disagreeable. I don't know when I have read a novel before. My doctor told me to try fiction and leave thoughtful books alone. So I am obeying."

A COUNTRY gentleman happened in Richmond the other day who bewailed the absence of great statesmen nowadays, and gave as a reason, seemingly novel, that great men did not play the fiddle as they used to. He instanced as proof of this assertion that Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and President Tyler were excellent fiddlers, and laid down the fact that "Jefferson practiced six hours a day on the violin."

MONTGOMERY SEARS, who is among the four wealthiest men of Boston, was the son of a grocer who lived on half a dollar a day and slept in his store. He acquired some real estate, and when he died left his moderate fortune to his son under the care of trustees. Young Sears chafed at this, and finally succeeded in breaking his father's will. He has gone on acquiring property until his wealth is estimated at many millions.

WARD MCALLISTER gave a subscription picnic recently at his Newport farm, which was attended by 150 of his dear 400 friends. Each gentleman contributed to the entertainment by sending or himself cooking some special dish. There was a dancing platform and a band of music for those who wished to dance, while the more agile of the guests amused themselves by playing "Puss in the Corner" and "Jerusalem" under the trees.

THE most unique bet of the election was made recently in Nebraska City, Neb., between Ole Johnson and Hans Erickson, Swedish farmers living nine miles west of that place. The articles, which are in writing, provide that Johnson bets his wife, aged 35, against a Jersey cow owned by Erickson, valued at $55, that Harrison will be the next president, Erickson backing Cleveland. The woman is a willing party to the transaction, and all parties are in earnest.

PRINCE HENRI D'ORLEANS is much pleased with his reception in this country, and finds American society charming. With somewhat conservative politeness he says that our women are more like the French, in vivacity and style, than any he has ever met. But he frankly admits that there are more beautiful faces here than in any country in the world. American men he likes for their broad-mindedness and conversational versatility. He says it is remarkable how many topics every man he has met has been able to talk upon. It is evident that the prince has not yet run against a dude.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

At Mount Vernon, N. Y., Monday, Mr. Youmans, aged 96, the father of Professor W. J. Youmans, editor of the Popular Science Monthly, was struck by a train and killed.

The Board of M. E. Bishops, in session at Boston, has decided to hold its next meeting at Delaware, Ohio, in May, 1889. Three judicial conferences and five appeal conferences have been constituted.

The sentence of death imposed on Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, of Massachusetts, for murder, was commuted Monday to solitary imprisonment for life.

D. A. Ellis, of Albany, N. Y., created a sensation at Lima, Ohio, Monday, by and attempt to get possession of a child living with a couple known as Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, and supposed to be theirs. It was his own child and the woman was his wife, who had eloped several months before. Mrs. Ellis disappeared.

The verdict of murder in the first degree against Walker, chief of the "Bald Knobbesr," was affirmed Monday by the Missouri Supreme Court. He will be hanged Dec. 28.

Fourteen vessels hailing from Gloucester, Mass., were lost at sea during the year, one more than in the previous year, and sixty-three lives were lost and sixteen children made fatherless.

Mr. A. T. Brittan, a Washington lawyer, has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee te take charge of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of President Harrison.

Dr. Wiggins, the "weather prophet," of Ottawa, Ont., became indignant Monday on receiving a letter notifying him that he had been elected an honorary member of the Ananias Club, of Boston.

Phineas Rogers, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., arrested Monday on the charge of arson, confessed to being the leader of a gang that had set fire to three factories, causing a total loss of $100,000.

Ex-Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, arrived at New York, Monday, on the steamer Alaska.

It is stated that an international base ball league will be a certainty next season, and that it will probably be composed of Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto, London, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica.

The firsta nniversary of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists was celebrated Saturday night by the anarchists of Pittsburg.

Negotiations for a Turko-American treaty have been concluded, and a draft of the convention has been submitted to the sultan.

Harvard college will send an expedition to California to witness the eclipse of the sun January 1st. Another expedition will soon be sent to Peru to map the southern heavens.

Oscar Huffman, a tinner, fell through a hatchway in a Cincinnati icehouse Saturday and was killed. Adolph Niehans, a fellow-workman, peered over the opening to see his companion and also fell over, receiving fatal injuries.

Jockey Anderson stabbed Peter Ford, also a jockey, at Jerome Park Friday, it is thought fatally.

Fire in the Steam Gauge and Lantern Works at Rochester, N. Y., Friday, resulted in the death of six persons four others being fatally wounded. The smoke was so dense that the men could not reach the fire-escapes, and were compelled to jump from the third story.

Mr. Thomas Nickerson, of Boston, Mass., at one time President of the Mexican Central Railway, gives notice to the stockholders that he will distribute $500,000 among them, as he does not wish to become a party to the scheme whereby they were charged $10,000,-000 for a concession from the Mexican authorities which really cost the projectors of the road but a trifle.

A collision off the Lizard caused the sinking of the Cunard steamer Nantes and the German ship Theodore Ruger. A portion of the latter's crew has landed at Trouville, but the fate of the rest of them and of the steamers crew is unknown.

Gen. Bowman Sweitzer, prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died at Pittsburg Friday.

Early Friday morning, at Highland, N. Y., Steve Brodie jumped from a bridge into the Hudson River, the distance being 212 feet. He had three ribs broken and his shoulder was seriously hurt, but it is not known that he sustained internal injuries. When taken from the water blood was flowing from his nose and ears.

Mrs. Jay Gould is paralyzed on one side of her body and unable to talk, and her physicians have no hopes of her recovery.

William T. H. King, known theatrically as William Harcourt, who married Louise Balfe, the actress, in February, 1887, without knowing that it was she who figured in the trouble between Actor Erlanger and Manager Leonard, has secured a divorce.

At the Fishkill depot, New York, Thursday, a passenger train dashed into the Rochester express. All the passengers escaped except Mrs. Edward Shivel, of St. John, who was killed.

In Cincinnati, Thursday, an unknown man attempted to chloroform and abduct Mrs. J. P. Kelly, but fled when she succeeded in giving an alarm.

Edward C. Carrigan, member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and a well-known lawyer, died of apoplexy Wednesday afternoon on a Denver and Rio Grande train.

Mrs. Hannah Sharkey, aged 111 years, died at Youngstown, Ohio, Thursday. She was a native of Ireland, and came to this country about seventy years ago.

President Patton, of Princeton College, announces that he has received $80,000 to be used at his discretion, and that five new scholarships will be formed. The board of trustees conferred several honorary degrees Thursday.

W. H. Barnum, member of the Democratic National Committee, is seriously ill at his home at Lime Rock, Conn.

The Bishops of the M. E. Church began their semi-annual session at Boston, Mass., Thursday, with sixteen members of the Episcopal Board present. The sessions are secret.

Daniel J. Herty, the pedestrian, covered thirty-three and three-fourths miles in four hours at Newburg, N. Y., Thursday, beating the American record.

The plans for the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inaugural, April 30, 1889, in New York, will include services of praise and thanksgiving in the different churches, with special services at St. Paul's Church, which Washington attended 100 years ago; also, prayer by Dr. Storris, a poem by Whittier, and benediction by Archbishop Corrigan.

While driving in her phaeton at New York Mrs. Elizabeth C. Jenkins was thrown from the vehicle by the horses running away. Her injuries proved fatal in ten minutes.

Daniel Phillips, of Louisville, Louis county, N. Y., who voted for Madison in 1808, cast his twentieth Presidential ballot Tuesday for General Harrison. Mr. Phillips is 100 years old, and has voted at every Presidential election since 1808.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Peter Howe, of Wenona, Ill., an elderly and wealthy banker, and his wife, were murdered in their beds early Monday morning by Charles L. Burkhart, whose step-daughter Sally Richardson, was a domestic in the Howe family. Burkhart was suspected, and discovering that he was being watched he committed suicide. Drunken spite at the Howes for interfering with his plans for his step-daughter, of which several versions are given, is supposed to have caused the crime.

Charles W. Knapp, for thirty years business manager of the St. Louis Republican, died Monday night, aged 70.

It is announced that A. L. Bressler, son of a Detroit millionaire, is in prison in Munich, Germany. He was a second lieutenant in the Michigan militia, and went abroad three years ago for pleasure and to study the army. It is rumored that his offence is securing money on false representations and failure to pay bills, but the general impression is that he has been arrested as a spy, as it is known that he had secured information that would be valuable to a power unfriendly to Germany.

Mary Martagh, aged 99 and John Donahoe, aged 86, natives of Ireland, but for fifty years residents of Freeport, Ill., both died Sunday and were buried there Monday.

A report was received Monday morning at Gainesville, Texas, that Governor Guy, of the Chickasaw Nation, was assassinated Saturday night at Tishomingo, the capital of the Nation. Serious trouble is said to be brewing.

Mrs. William Barr, of Brazil, Ind., was frightened to death by an explosion of fire-crackers at a Republican jollification meeting recently.

George Bridenbaker, a farmer living near Centralia, Ill., fatally wounded his wife and shot, but not seriously, his son and daughter Saturday.

A company of army officers and other dignitaries are exploring the battle-field of Chickamauga under orders from the war department.

Judge Brannon of the district court at Davenport, Iowa, has granted an injunction to restrain F. Haak from using the labels of the Cigar-Makers' International Union, the defendant not being a member of the organization.

Thomas Mackay, who murdered Frank Day in front of the Chicago Postoffice Sunday night, was held to await the action of the grand jury, at the conclusion of the inquest Friday.

At Peru, Ind., Friday, Frank Rowe, John Carroll and John Ryan, charged with the murder of Andrew Morgan, at Xenia, Ohio, while attempting to commit burglary, were released owing to a lack of evidence. On a requisition from the Governor they were taken to Zanesville, Ohio, to answer to another charge of burglary.

A dividend of 1 per cent, making 5 per cent for the year, was declared Friday by the C. B. and Q. directors.

As a result of the Presidential election and a bet made on the result by John W. Conlow and Miss May Voight, of Minneapolis, Minn., the two will be married before Christmas.

The Cairo, Vincennes & Chicago Railroad Company is making arrangements to extend its line from Danville, Ill., to Forrest, on the Wabash Railway, and by a contract with the latter road secure an all-rail connection with Chicago.

The Southern Immigration and Development Society, in session at Augusta, Ga., Friday, elected D. B. Loveman, of Tennessee, President.

An explosion in a coal mine near Pittsburg, Kan., Friday evening, entombed 158 men who were at work 112 feet from the surface. It is feared that all perished. A heavy storm prostrated the wires, and no further details of the horror can be had.

Thomas H. White, Deputy United States Mineral Surveyor was arrested at Deadwood, D. T., and held in $500 bond for perjury in his official capacity.

At Monroevillle, Ind., Friday, John Locklin, a well-to-do citizen, was struck by a train and killed.

Snow fell all day Friday throughout Kansas and at Kansas City, Mo. The fall was the heaviest ever known at this season of the year.

A section of a wall of St. Mary's Infirmary, at St. Louis, Mo., fell in Friday, but no one was injured.

Ed Hunter, Chairman of the Iowa Democratic State Committee, was Thursday placed under bonds, charged with bribing John West to "repeat," knowing he had voted once in another township.

There were twenty-five new cases of yellow fever and three deaths at Jacksonville, Fla., Thursday, for the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p. m. Total cases, 4,416; total deaths, 373.

In the case of the City of Madison, Wis., against the Madison Street Railway Company, the Supreme Court Thursday gave a decision adverse to the company, who failed to comply with the ordinance in regard to the proper maintenance of the streets.

POLITICAL POINTS.

General Harrison carried the city of Indianapolis by a plurality of 625, but Cleveland won in the county (Marion) by 378 votes, against 226 plurality for Blaine in 1884.

It is reported that owing to the fact that the ballots cast for Speaker Carlisle in Kentucky were printed on special paper, violating the State law as to distinguishing features, the votes for him in Campbell and Kenton Counties will be thrown out, thus electing Mr. Hamilton, his Republican opponent. The Canvassing Board of Campbell county is Republican.

The next Legislature of Deleware will have a Republican majority of two on joint ballot, assuring the election of a Republican Senator.

In the recent election Governor Gordon, of Georgia, received 122,785 votes, with not more than 400 against him.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the English Liberal-Unionist leader who is to marry Miss Endicott Thursday of this week, arrived in Washington Monday evening.

The United States Supreme Court Monday reversed the decision of the Circuit Court of Massachusetts in the case of the government against the American Bell Telephone Company, and remands the case for trial on its merits. This decision is in favor of the government, which seeks the cancellation of the Bell patent on the ground that it was procured by fraud, and that Bell was not the first inventor.

The wedding of Mdlle. Marcelle Boulanger (youngest daughter of the "brav' general") and Captain Driant is to take place in Paris on the 30th inst.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Extra	$6.25	6.50
Choice to Fancy	5.50	6.90
Good Shipping Steers	5.00	5.50
Poor to Medium Steers	4.10	4.90
Fancy Cows and Heifers	2.50	2.70
Fair Cows	1.20	2.30
MILCH COWS—per head	15.00	40.00
HOGS—Mixed	5.25	5.50
SHEEP—Native	2.55	3.85
WHEAT—No. 2. Spring	1.16	1.16½
CORN—No. 2	40½	.43¾
OATS—No. 2	24¾	.24⅝
POTATOES—Per bushel	33	.37
POULTRY—Chickens, live, per lb	.07½	.08
Ducks, "	.07½	.08
Turkeys "	.08½	.09
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.24	.26
Fine Dairy	.19	.22
Low Grades	.16	.18
CHEESE—Full Cream	.10½	.11
Off Grades	.08	.10
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.18½	.19
ST. LOUIS.		
BEEVES—Choice Natives	5.00	5.50
HOGS—Choice	5.75	5.90
SHEEP	3.20	4.40
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	1.06½	1.06¾
CORN—No. 3	.39	.39⅝
OATS—	.22½	23
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	1.03¾	1.04
CORN	.43	.44
OATS	.29	.29½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red,	1.09½	1.09¾
CORN—No. 2	.45	.45½
OATS	.25	.25¼
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	1.09½	1.10
CORN	.45½	.46
OATS	.25	.29½
KANSAS CITY.		
BEEVES—Grain and Corn Fed	4.75	5.25
STEERS—Grass Range	1.60	3.00
HOGS	5.50	5.80
WHEAT—No. 2, Soft	1.06½	1.06¾
CORN—No. 2	.39	.40
OATS—No. 2	.22½	.23

HARRISON THE MAN.

New York Has Given the Republican Candidate Nearly Twelve Thousand Majority.

Indiana is Conceded to Mr. Harrison by a Majority of About Fifteen Hundred.

The latest returns from Tuesday's election leave no reason to doubt that Republicans have carried the country and that Gen. Harrison will succeed Mr. Cleveland in the presidency. A dispatch from the New York *Times* (Ind.), which has heretofore refused to surrender the State of New York to the Republicans, admits that Harrison has carried the Empire State, that Hill (Dem.) is elected Governor, and that there is no doubt of the election of the Republican presidential candidate. The latest report from Indiana, in addition, says that Chairman Jewett, of the Democratic State Committee, conceded that his State had been carried by Harrison by 2,000 plurality. California and West Virginia may not yet be placed with certainty, but Harrison safely has 225 electoral votes where 201 would be enough, and the public can patiently await the final outcome of now doubtful, but no longer important, districts.

In the face, however, of adverse returns, though unofficial and necessarily incomplete, the Democratic National Committee refused Wednesday to concede anything, and claim to hope that New York, together with Indiana and other western States, had been carried for Mr. Cleveland. The indications are that Harrison's plurality in New York is at least 10,000, but Chairman Brice insisted that an official canvass would be required to ascertain the result, and, pinning his faith on the correction of estimated pluralities and the amendment of errors in the local canvasses, he declared that New York was in doubt. Conceding the loss of Yew York, he hoped to retain supremacy with the electoral votes of Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, California, Nevada, Illinois, and even Wisconsin. Connecticut and New Jersey—the former by a scratch—are Democratic. Indiana is Republican by 2,000 plurality. California and Nevada appear to be Republican beyond a doubt by small pluralities, and the other States are safely in the Harrison column.

The returns of the results in congressional districts are yet too incomplete to determine accurately the complexion of congress, but it seems probable that the Democratic control of the lower house has been overcome and that the Republicans will have a majority of the national house of representatives. The New York Sun's returns indicate that the parties in the house of representatives will be pretty evently divided and it thinks that it will require an official count to decide which will have the supremacy. The strength of the parties in the senate will probably remain unchanged.

A dispatch from Washington says the President takes the result calmly and philosophically. He talked quite freely about the returns and the increased Republican vote, but expressed not the slightest regret in the world at any action he had taken during his administration. He is willing to admit that his position on the tariff and the decided stand he took in favor of revenue reduction may have lost him a good many votes, but he still maintains that if he were to do over again he would follow the dictates of his convictions.

The President received no telegrams from the National Democratic Committee until late Wednesday afternoon. From what he has heard, however, he concedes that he is defeated. He attributes his defeat to no one in particular, and says that Hill and Tammany hall treated him with perfect fairness and that he has no fault to find at all.

The apparent state of the electoral vote and the popular pluralities Friday morning are as follows:

FOR HARRISON.

	Electoral votes	Maj.
Colorado	3	8 000
Illinois	22	18 000
Indiana	15	1 500
Iowa	13	30 000
Kansas	9	70 000
Maine	6	23 000
Massachusetts	14	32 000
Michigan	13	12 000
Minnesota	7	20 000
New York	36	11 000
Nebraska	5	25 000
Nevada	3	150
New Hampshire	4	2 000
Ohio	23	25 000
Oregon	3	3 000
Pennsylvania	30	80 000
Rhode Island	4	4 000
Vermont	4	25 000
Wisconsin	11	15 000
West Virginia	6	500
Total	231	428 650

FOR CLEVELAND.

	Electoral votes.	Maj.
Alabama	10	55,000
Arkansas	7	20,000
Connecticut	6	350
Delaware	3	5,000
Florida	4	2,000
Georgia	12	22,000
Kentucky	13	40,000
Louisiana	8	18,000
Maryland	8	10,000
Missouri	16	25,000
Mississippi	9	33,000
New Jersey	9	8,000
North Carolina	11	20,000
South Carolina	9	35,000
Tennessee	12	18,000
Texas	13	120,000
Virginia	12	6,000
Total	162	442,350

It is evident from the face of the returns that Mr. Harrison will be "a minority president," and that for a second time the executive chair will be occupied by one who had less votes at the polls than did his chief competitor. But happily for the good feeling that should now be encouraged the poll of New York, upon which all depended has been made clear, if not satisfactory, the winner's figures being placed even as high as 11,191. As showing how extremely Cleveland was scratched by his so-called friends, there is a claim for Hill's reelection in New York by 18,000, and as further showing the complex condition of the canvass it may be added that while Hill's claim is not conceded it is understood that he has pulled through.

As to Indiana, democratic headquarters admit that Harrison has carried the state by 1,500. The returns, however, continue backward and only three congressional districts in Indiana are as yet heard from with definiteness.

Connecticut has closed all doubt with a small plurality for Cleveland—a plurality being ample for that purpose—but the Connecticut governor, who must have a majority vote, will now be elected by the legislature, and the legislature is Republican.

As to West Virginia the doubt goes to the extent of promising a mixed election. Both sides are claiming governor, legislature, state officers, and congressmen.

The Democrats polled a heavy vote in San Francisco and the state is claimed for them, but without figures to show for it.

The following majorities are credited to the Republican presidential candidate according to most reliable information.

Colorado gives Harrison electors 8,000 majority, being a slight gain over 1884.

Illinois is claimed for Harrison by 18,-000, a loss of 7,000 from the vote given in 1884.

In Indiana the Republicans claim to have won by a vote of 1,500.

Kansas appears to have given the handsome majority for Harrison of 70,-000, a gain of 6,000.

Iowa gives 30,000, a gain of about 10,000.

Maine is 23,000, a gain of 3,000.

Massachusetts gives 32,000 majority for Harrison, a gain of nearly 8,000

Michigan gives 12,000, a gain of nearly 9,000.

Minnesota gives 20,000, a loss of 18,-000 to the Republicans.

New York seems to be 11,191, almost ten times the majority given to Cleveland four years ago.

Nebraska gives 25,000, a gain of 2,500.

Nevada gives 150, a loss of over 1,400 to the Republicans.

New Hampshire gives 2,000, but gave Blaine twice that majority.

Ohio gave 25,000, a loss of about 6,000, which seems to give some color to the claims of Judge Thurman that the Democrats might have carried that state had they used proper exertion.

Pennsylvania has rolled up her usual majority of 80,000 for the Republican candidates.

Rhode Island gave 4,000 majority, a loss of 2,600.

Vermont gives 25,000, a loss of nearly 3,000.

Wisconsin give 15,000, which is not greatly different from former majorities.

In the states acknowledged to have been carried by the democrats Cleveland secured the following majorities in the contest on Tuesday:

Alabama gave 55,000, a gain of nearly 20,000 over his majority in 1884.

Arkansas gave 20,000, which is a slight loss from his former majority of 22,000.

Connecticut has given a close majority.

Delaware gives 5,000 which shows a small gain.

Florida has given 2,000, a loss of more than 1,000.

Georgia cut down her previous majority of 46,000 to about 22,000.

Kentucky swelled her old majority of 34,000 to about 40,000.

Louisiana gives 18,000, an increase of 2,000.

Maryland reduced her former majority from 11,000 to about 10,000.

Mississippi's majority of 33,000 is practically unchanged.

Missouri gives 25,000, a loss of about 8,000.

New Jersey is claimed with 8,000, twice that given in 1884.

North Carolina gave 17,000 in 1884, but is credited with 3,000 more this time.

South Carolina's majority of 35,000 is over 10,000 less than in the campaign against Blaine.

Tennessee raised her majority of 8,000 to over 18,000.

Texas gave 132,000 majority four years ago, but is accredited with a reduction of over 12,000.

Virginia's majority of 6,000 four years ago has not been greatly modified.

THE NEXT UNITED STATES SENATE.

State.	Rep.	Dem.
Alabama	..	2
Arkansas	..	2
California	1	1
Colorado	2	..
Connecticut	..	2
Delaware	1	1
Florida	..	2
Georgia	..	2
Illinois	2	..
Indiana	..	2
Iowa	2	..
Kansas	2	..
Kentucky	..	2
Louisiana	..	2
Maine	2	..
Maryland	..	2
Massachusetts	2	..
Michigan	2	..
Minnesota	2	..
Mississippi	..	2
Missouri	..	2
Nebraska	2	..
Nevada	2	..
New Hampshire	2	..
New Jersey	..	2
New York	2	..
North Carolina	..	2
Ohio	1	1
Oregon	2	..
Pennsylvania	2	..
Rhode Island	2	..
South Carolina	..	2
Tennessee	..	2
Texas	..	2
Vermont	2	..
Virginia	..	2
*West Virginia	1	1
Wisconsin	2	..
Total	40	36

*Result on the Legislature in doubt.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

State	Rep.	Dem.
Alabama		8
Arkansas		5
California	5	1
Colorado	1	..
Connecticut	3	1
Delaware	..	1
Florida	..	2
Georgia	..	10
Illinois	13	7
Indiana	3	10
Iowa	10	1
Kansas	7	..
Kentucky	2	9
Louisiana	1	5
Maine	4	..
Maryland	3	3
Massachussetts	10	2
Michigan	9	2
Minnesota	5	..
Mississippi	..	7
Missouri	4	10
Nebraska	3	..
Nevada	1	..
New Hampshire	2	..
New Jersey	4	3
New York	19	15
North Carolina	2	7
Ohio	16	5
Oregon	1	..
Pennsylvania	21	7
Rhode Island	2	..
South Carolina	..	7
Tennessee	3	7
Texas	..	11
Vermont	2	..
Virginia	2	8
West Virginia	2	2
Wisconsin	7	2
Total	167	158

MURDERERS ESCAPE.

Three Men Break Out of Jail at Fulton, Mo.

Robert Clanton, T. T. Whitington, and Jackson Emerson made their escape from the county jail at Fulton, Mo., Wednesday night about 8 o'clock. Clanton and Emerson were n for murder. Emerson is the negro who murdered his wife at Pilgrim's Rest Church some two weeks ago, and Clanton was in for the murder of three men at Portland, in this county, during the war. He was arrested in Texas last winter and brought here for trial. Emerson's brother assisted them in making their escape. He procured a crowbar and handed it through a window to a negro girl who was in the hall, and she gave it to Emerson, and they pried off the lock of the cage, and then went on top of the cage and burst a hole in the roof and made their escape. It was not discovered by the officers until morning, when the Sheriff and posse went in pursuit. At the time of the escape there was great excitement about the election returns, and it was during the attendant noise and confusion that the prisoners got away.

The Supreme Court of the United States Monday denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of ex-Judge David S. Terry, of California, who was convicted of contempt of court for a violent scene in which he and his wife (Sarah Althea Hill) both attacked Justice Field and the officers of the court.

FOUR SCORE KILLED.

One Hundred and Sixty Colliers Entrapped in the Mine at Frontenac, Kansas.

Forty Bodies Thus Far Recovered and as Many More Still in the Mine.

A dispatch from Pittsburg, Kas., dated Sunday, says: The explosion in shaft No. 2 of the Cherokee & Pittsburg Coal Company's mine at Frontenac, Kas., Friday night proved to be the most appalling that has ever occurred in this country and brought death to the homes of dozens of families in Pittsburg, Frontenac, and Girard. The explosion occurred at 5:30 o'clock, when the usual daily blast is fired. One of the blasts proved to be defective and shot a stream of flame into the air, igniting the gas and fine particles of coal-dust stirred up by two previous blasts, and in an instant a terrific explosion took place, which knocked all of the miners on their faces, hurled masses of coal upon them, and shook every part of the mine. One hundred and sixty-four men were in the mine, and of that number about half were uninjured and found their way to the air shaft and escaped. The explosion was heard in every part of Frontenac and Pittsburg, and in an incredibly short time the road leading to the mine was thronged with wives, mothers, and daughters of the miners with looks of terror depicted upon their faces hastening to the scene.

Hundreds of citizens and miners joined the throng of anxious relatives about the shaft, and as a fortunate miner emerged from the air shaft in safety he was seized by his wife, mother or daughter and carried off home. On account of the air fan being damaged and the shaft blockaded by the debris the work of rescuing could not be begun until after midnight, when a rescuing party descended the shaft and begun searching for the living. The most horrible sight met their gaze. The dead lay in piles in every entry on the north and west sides, while the passageways were strewn with dead men, mules, and wrecked carts. The air was bad and a number of the rescuing party were prostrated and had to be carried out, but their places were supplied with ready volunteers. In some entries every man was dead and mangled and burned in the most horrible manner. Here and their in protected spots a man was found yet alive, and he was quickly carried to the surface, where a large force of physicians had been organized to receive him.

Only fourteen of such were found, but the last one was not rescued until after daylight Monday morning. They were all terribly burned and the greater part of them will yet die. Arrangements were then made to bring up the dead, and at noon that work was begun and carried on rapidly. Thirty-six bodies were found in three entries on the north and west sides, where the work had to be stopped until other parts of the mine could be secured so that it could be explored and the dead recovered. It will require three days to get all the bodies, and, as many are burned and mangled beyond recognition, the the names of all the dead will never be learned.

The portions not explored contain a large number of bodies, which will swell the number lost to nearly seventy, but the Superintendent refused permission to inspect the books and their names can only be learned when they were brought to the surface and identified.

As the night wore on the work of recovering the bodies contined until the floor of the engine house was strewn with mangled men. The bodies were placed in rows upon the ground, where the rain and snow beat upon them. Most of the victims were shockingly mutilated. Some were so disfigured as to be unrecognizable; all were covered with blood and dust, and many were almost stripped of their clothes. There was nothing left of the first man brought up from the dreadful hole but a bleeding pulpy trunk. The head and arms and legs had been blown off. Many of the searchers fainted at their work. Others, stimulated by brandy and the entreaties of the demoniacal women, continued at their bloody task all through the night. Some of the victims were not disfigured. They were in a chamber least affected by the shock, and died of asphyxiation.

As fast as the bodies were brought to the surface there was a rush made to identify them, and a dozen women in many cases being engaged at one time in scanning the bleeding face of some unfortunate. There are still about fifty bodies in the lower levels. Some of the victims were found buried beneath immense weights of slate, while others were discovered in groups and in all kinds of positions. Two men who have not been identified were so tightly locked in each other's arms that it was with great difficulty they were torn apart. Their eyes had been blown out by the explosion, and their faces so horribly crushed that the bones were ground into the flesh.

The most astonishing escape recorded during the whole history of the disaster was made to-day. It amounted to almost a miracle, and the lucky fellow, taken from the grave itself, was surrounded by a curious and almost incredulous crowd all the morning. At 5 o'clock this morning the relief squad working at the foot of the main shaft were astonished to see an apparition approaching them. It was not one of their party and they did not believe that there was a living man in the mine besides the rescuers. Their surprise can therefore be imagined when the mysterious visitor staggered up to them dimly outlined by the uncertain light of their lamps, and greeted them with, "Here fellows, let me have a light." It was Henry Burns, who had for thirty-six hours been counted among the lost. He was quickly taken to the surface and there told the story of one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record. He was slightly delirious, but there was considerable coherency in his account. He related his story as follows:

"I was working the first room, first north entry, east side when there was a roar and a shock. I at first thought I had been asleep and, in fact, was so bewildered I did not know whether I was in this world or the next. Managing to make a light with my only remaining match I found that my watch had stopped at 5 o'clock but I did not know the day or know whether it was morning or evening. I was suffering internal agonies from inhaling the after damp, but was otherwise unhurt and proceeded to make my way to the foot of the shaft. I do not know how long the journey lasted. After being removed to the open air I became more nervous and delirious and could not be made to understand the full significance of what I had undergone."

Burns could not realize that for two nights and a day he had lost his consciousness and insisted that the people were joking when they told him it was Sunday morning. He is being well cared for and will be all right in a few days.

Various causes are assigned for the accident, but the best informed of the miners agree that it was the result of an overcharge of powder imperfectly put in by an unskilled miner in the the third entry on the north side where French and Italian miners were employed. In that part of the mine the damage of the explosion was greatest and not a single person in the entries near escaped death and their bodies were horribly mangled. The desolation in Frontenac is complete and general. One-half of the homes in that little village have lost their bread-winner, and the piteous cries of the stricken ones are a sad incident of the calamity. Many of the families are destitute, and a subscription for their benefit was started this morning and $400 subscribed in a few moments by employes in shafts Nos. 1 and 3.

One of the men who escaped said that he ran through the main way to the air shaft. The miners had gathered in bunches, and all were engaged in prayer, not even trying to escape. Shaft No. 2 was opened about two years ago, and is 120 feet in depth and employed a full force of about 200 miners, and is the largest of the three owned by the company at Frontenac.

The miners censured the company severely for employing incompetent miners, which, they say, made the operation of the mine so dangerous that many of best miners had quit it and gone to other mines at Weir City and Esenhere, About a week ago a defective blast was fired, and it was only an accident that an explosion did not occur then. A number of the miners protested, and several refused to go into the mines again. Capt. Finley, State Superintendent of Mines, is on the ground, and is investigating the disaster. He says he is satisfied that it was caused by the flame of an imperfect blast igniting the coal dust, which on account of the extreme dryness of the mines is a great source of danger. In this particular mine no natural gas has ever been noticed. The machinery of the mine is the finest and best made, and nothing has been left undone to secure safety except in the matter of allowing unskilled men to work in the mine.

KANSAS HORSE THIEVES.

A Dozen Outlaws Levy Tribute on Farmers for Sixty Horses.

The people of Morton County, on the Indian Territory line, are very much excited over the attacks of horse thieves from No-Man's-Land. Twelve desperadoes, headed by the notorious outlaw, Bill Doty, came up from the Territory Friday night for the purpose, of driving off all the horses in the southern part of the county. They commenced with Captain Milton's head of thirteen thoroughbreds. The horses were released from stables and started in the direction of the Territory. The remainder of the gang then visited every ranch in the township, and took possession of every horse of any value. When the gang reached the farm of James L. Horton, he and his two sons showed fight, and with three shot guns and a good supply of ammunition made it very warm for Doty's crowd. The desperadoes were too numerous, however, and Horton and his sons were finally captured. The three were tied to the fence with heavy rope and compelled to remain in this position until they were discovered several hours latter by a neighbor. When they were released they found that every horse on the farm had been driven away. Over sixty head of horses were captured by the gang and driven to a point three miles below the Territory line in No-Man's-Land. Here the gang congregated with the detachments of horses, and started for Oklahoma country. They had gone but a short distance when they were overtaken by a posse of Morton County farmers. A desperate fight ensued, during which George Hill, one of the horse thieves was seriously wounded. Doty and his crowd were compelled to take flight, but managed to get away with about twenty-five head of horses. The farmers are organizing a vigilance society, and will be prepared to meet the gang if another attack is made.

HE COULD NOT KILL HIMSELF.

William Brown Cut His Throat and Blew Himself Up, But Will Recover.

William Brown, the keeper of a grocery at Collamer Village, a supurb of Cleveland, O., attempted suicide Sunday morning in a strange manner. Brown's family left him one week ago on account of his dissolute habits and he has since been drinking hard. Saturday night he was in the postoffice, which is next to his store, and remarked that he intended to blow some of the glass out of the building. Sunday morning about 7 o'clock the people living in the vicinity were awakened by a loud explosion. As they rushed from their houses they discovered that Brown's store was on fire. Several men attempted to enter it, when a second explosion occurred, blowing the front across the street and badly wrecking the inside of the store. The men entered the building and found Brown lying on the floor with his throat cut. When the fire was extinguished a keg of powder was found in the rear of the store a few feet from where the fire had been burning. It seems that Brown placed at least three kegs of powder in the store where they would be exploded by the fire, then touched a match to some inflammable material, and afterwards cut his throat. Two kegs of powder exploded, but in spite of this and the knife wound Brown will recover.

ROCHESTER'S FIRE HORROR.

Eleven Men Known to Be Killed—Twenty-Seven Others Supposed to Be Victims.

The most disastrous fire ever experienced in Rochester, N. Y., occurred Friday evening at the works of the Steam Gauge and Lantern company. It was located in a building of seven stories, with two basements, situated near the Genessee Falls. The fire broke out at 7:35 o'clock. About forty people were at work, mostly on the third floor. The smoke was dense and the men could not reach the fire escapes and they were forced to jump from the third story. Fourteen jumped on the west side of the building and were frightfully injured, five of them dying within an hour. Four others dying before morning.

Forty men were set to work Sunday morning, after the walls had been leveled with dynamite, excavating the debris, and two bodies were taken from the ruins, making eleven so far known to be killed.

There are twenty-one known to be missing and six others who are thought to be victims. In blowing up the walls with dynamite bout twenty-five feet of double fire wall toppled over on the adjoining building and crushed the roof and the six floors into the sub-basement. The walls were left standing. The damage will amount to about $25,000.

THE BALD KNOBBER MUST HANG.

William Walker, the Missouri Outlaw, Will Die, Dec. 28.

The Missouri State Supreme Court Monday confirmed the sentence of death passed upon William Walker, one of the chiefs of the Christian County band of Bald Knobbers which in March, 1887, murdered Charles Green and James Eden, near Chadwick, in that county. Walker and three other members of the outlaw gang were convicted of the murder, and appealed the case to this court. There is no doubt that all three cases will be determined the same way, as they were all convicted on the same evidence. The opinion was written by Judge Black and the court fixed the day of execution for Friday, Dec. 28, 1888.

FELL EIGHTY-FIVE FEET.

Miner Pickles's Marvellous Escape from Death—Less Fortunate Accidents.

Joe Pickles, a miner employed at the Star Coal Company's shaft at Kangley across the river from Streator, Ill., fell eighty-five feet down the shaft Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock, falling into a pool of water. The water saved his life, although it was quite shallow, and while he is badly bruised no bones are broken. The man is resting easily. Internal injuries are feared.

IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

Death Sentence of Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, of Massachusetts, Commuted.

At a meeting of the Governor Council at Boston, Mass., Tuesday afternoon the sentence of Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, who was to have been hanged Friday for the murder of her brother-in-law, Prince A. Freeman, by poison in June, 1885, was commuted to solitary imprisonment for life in the State Prison.

GREAT IS TO-DAY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Out on a world that's gone to seed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
The heart is still young in the mother-soil;
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten 'round Adam and Eve,
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God;
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in your cottage door?
While your Shakespeare, your Milton, takes his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb;
There's glancing of dasies and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours.
The same light, the same night. For your Jocobs, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years;
There's waiving of wheat, and the tall, strong corn,
And his heart-blood is water, that sitteth forlorn.

—*The Century*.

Peter Potter's Joke.

"You have made me very happy, Polly, and s'pose we set the day for Christmas."

Miss Polly Perkins looked lovingly into his eyes and answered affirmatively by leaning her head upon his shoulder.

They were sitting in the pretty parlor of a cosy cottage on the outskirts of Glenville. Their courtship had not been a long one—in fact, it had been short, earnest and decisive, and when Peter Potter parted with his betrothed that Sunday night he considered himself a very lucky man in securing such a prize as Polly Perkins, the prettiest lass in Glenville, who had eaten more philopenas and broken more chicken breastbones than any maiden for miles around.

True, she was only 20, while Peter was a bachelor away up in thirties; but he was a man of property and carried on a thriving grocery business in the village; and there were some girls in Glenville who would have felt very much "put out" if they had overheard the engagement words spoken that Sunday night.

Christmas was now only two months off and Polly at once began to prepare her wedding trousseau. She was a poor girl who made her living by working in a cotton factory, and she had no relatives in the world except an old maiden aunt with whom she lived. She was a bright girl, somewhat pert in manners, and, on occasion, she could be as tart as vinegar.

Peter Potter was a queer mental compound. He was phenomenally unstable in his views on religion and politics; so much so, in fact, that he had won the nickname of "Peter Changeabout," and no one more faithfully observed the maxim "When you're among Romans do as the Romans do" than he. In politics he was equally fickle. One year he was an ardent Democrat; the next year he was a Republican, and once he figured as a bright and shining local light in the ranks of the Independent party.

Peter Potter was a man well liked by the people of Glenville. He was not stingy. He was foremost in his works of charity, and many a poor family, to which enforced idleness or sickness had brought privation, was the recipient of substantial gifts from his store. He was always a cheerful man, and no social party in Glenville was considered complete without his presents. He was very popular with the gentler sex. Moreover, he greatly enjoyed a practial joke, even if he himself were the victim of it. In this respect he could give and take with equal satisfaction to his risibilities in either case.

Now when the news got around that he had engaged himself to Miss Polly Perking the gossips made all sorts of remarks about the matter not at all complimentary to Peter Potter.

"I'll bet a watermelon to a pumpkin seed,', said Bill Jackson, the Postmaster, "that Peter Potter won't be on hand when the time comes. Of course he now thinks he loves Miss Perkins. But he's likely to be smitten with the charms of Sallie Tweedle next week, and with those of Susie Timkins before Thanksgiving comes. Poor Polly Perkins! She's too nice a body to be trifled with and made the jest and jeer of all the girls in town."

And this was the popular view taken of the situation, and some of the gossips were not directory in saying so much to Miss Perkins. Nevertheless she had faith in her affianced, and received the tattle of the busybodies without allowing her good nature to be ruffled for a moment.

"Why," said she to a neighbor one day, "do you suppose I'm going to go crazy if he don't keep his word? Oh, no! There is just as good fish in the sea as ever were cought, you know," and then she laughed most heartily and went tripping along the roadside humming a cheery air.

Of course much of this gossip reached the ears of Peter Potter, who, however went about his business as usual and was not at all affected by the coldness which some of the marriageable girls of the sewing society manifested when he met them on the street or at church. As for the gentlemen, those fellows who had declared that his engagement to Polly was merely one of his practical jokes—he said: "Let 'em have their fun. I'll show 'em a joke yet that'll make 'em laugh on the other side of the mouth."

Well, it was now within a week of Christmas. Invitations to the wedding had been sent out with the request that the recipients be at Miss Perkin's Aunt Betsy's residence at 3 o'clock of that day to witness the ceremony.

It was a conventional gathering of village society that met there that day. Even the gossips who had been most industrious in criticising Peter Potter were there. The Rev. Philip Thompson arrived a few moments before the appointed hour—he was to be the master of ceremonies—and when the old clock struck 3 there was only one absentee. Miss Polly Perkins, prettily attired in white silk, white kids, a white tulle veil and orange blossoms, was standing by a window in close conversation with Aunt Betsy. Ten minutes passed, and then low whisperings was heard from knots of guests in the parlor.

"I told you so," said Postmaster Jackson. "Peter Potter is still entitled to the nickname of Peter Changeabout." Now I renew my bet of a watermelon io a pumpkin seed that Peter don't be here. He's most cruelly jilted Polly Perkins, you bet."

These remarks were addressed to young Lawyer Tom Kent, whose conversation with a long-haired, bushy-whiskered and heavily mustached gentleman had been interrupted by them.

"It's too bad—too bad," returned the lawyer, "but here, Mr. Jackson, let me introduce you to my friend, Max Spieller."

The bushy-whiskered man and the postmaster shook hands, and then the three entered into a whispered conversation about Peter Potter's non-appearance.

"He vas a goot fallow, um?" queried Mr. Spieller.

"Oh, yes, Peter's a good enough fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "but you see he has always been a very changeable man—shifting from one idea to another about as lively as a flea—and he has long been considered the boss practical joker of this town. I reckon that this is one of his jokes," saying which the Postmaster looked over toward the bride that was-to-have-been, and then turning to Mr. Spieller and Lawyer Kent he said, laying his hand upon Mr. Spieller's shoulder, "I pity that girl."

"He vos von practikeel shoker, um, mein-heer? Dot musht haf mait 'im a very funny faillow, um?" said the man with the bushy whiskers.

"Yes you can bet he was; and——"

At that instant the attention of the three was diverted to a group of young women who had surrounded Miss Perkins and were mingling expressions of sympathy for her with their denunciations of her delinquent betrothed. Polly's face was buried in Aunt Bety's lap, and she seemed to be weeping.

"Mishter Kent, vill you acquaintance me make mit dot meenister?" said Mr. Spieller.

"Certainly, with pleasure," said the lawyer, and the acquaintance was made.

Mr. Spieller took the Rev. Mr. Thompson's arm and led him to a corner, where the two for several minutes held a whispered conversation. Then the guests—nearly an hour had now passed—were preparing to take their leave.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lawyer Kent, "as the friend and legal adviser of Peter Potter, permit me to request you to remain a little longer. He may have been unavoidably detained, you see."

It this moment Mr. Spieller whispered something in Lawyer Kent's ear, and the lawyer then said something in a low tone to the dominie.

"Mishter Shackson," said Mr. Speiller, addressing the Postmaster, "I vill take dot pet about dot vatermillion und dot punkin' seed."

"But you'll lose, sure, said Mr. Jackson.

"Vell, den I loose—dot's all," said Mr. Spieller, "und I pet you dot hoss I got in dot tavern staple against von tollar dot Mishter Potter vill we here—um?"

"Well, I'll go you, said the Postmaster.

"Yaw? und pefore dese vitnesses?" asked Mr. Spieller.

"Sure," answered Mr. Jackson.

There was at this moment a little flurry among the guests, during which Mr. Speiller approached Polly and said, "Miss Perkins, vill you shpeak mit me in dot hallvay von minute?"

With her handkerchief to her eyes, Polly arose and accompanied the gentleman to the hall.

"It's worked splendidly, Polly, dear," he said, "and I reckon I've taught 'em a good lesson. There, now," and he tore off his long hair and bushy whiskers and gave her a kiss that but for the noise made by the busy tongues in the parlor might have been heard there.

The next moment Miss Polly Perkins returned to the company leaning on the arm of Peter Potter, who was genteelly attired in a dress suit, and in every respect looked like a becoming and happy bridegroom. The guests were struck dumb with amazement, which was greatly hightened when when Peter placed his hand in that of Rev. Tompson and said:

"Vill you pe good enough to make von of us two—nein, nein, I means vill you make us two into von—um!"

"Well, the ceremony was soon over, and a right jolly wedding feast followed, and when the company separated the happy bridegroom said, as a parting remark to Postmaster Jackson: "Dot vos von great practikeell shoke—um? Und dont you forgot dot vatermaillon und dot tollar."—*N. Y Eevning Sun*

Clinging to the Past.

Ecquador is a country in which the past still reigns. The buildings are never repaired; the Indians, remembering the ancient glory of their ancestors, have no songs and no amusements, and the Spanish inhabitants are too poor and too proud to get much active pleasure from the present. One peculiarity of the Indian, showing his attachments to custom, lies in the fact that he will only trade in the market place in Quito, where his ancestors have for centuries sold their produce.

A traveler upon the highways may meet whole armies of Indians bearing loads of supplies, but he can obtain nothing from them until they have reached their accustomed place for barter.

The Indian will even carry goods ten miles, and sell them for less than he was offered at home.

The author of "The Capitals of Spanish America' says that he once met, an old woman trudging along with a basket of fruit, and though he offered ten cents for pineapples, which would only bring her two and a half in the market, she preferred taking the dusty journey of two leagues to being relieved of her burden at once.

A gentleman living some distance from town says that, for four years, he tried to induce the natives who passed every morning with packs of alfalfa (clover) to sell him at his gate; he was invariably compelled to go into town to buy it.

Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourdful of potatoes for a penny as often as you choose to buy, but they will not sell their stock in a lump. They will sell you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but they will not sell five dozen for a dollar.

An Awful Danger.

A—"This country can't risk another war."

B.—"Why, we could put two or three million men into the field."

"That's just it, and if the war lasted long there would be such a crop of veterans wanting pensions that the treasury would be bankrupt.—*Texas Siftings*,

HE DRANK HASHISH.

The Sad Results of a Drug Clerk's Terrible Blunder.

A few miles from this city lives a man who was once as fine a drug clerk as there was in the city of Boston, says the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*. His name was Randolph R. Sanford, and he is at present residing with his widowed mother. Sanford is some over forty years of age, and is a complete wreck. His hair is as white as snow, and his left side has been paralyzed from the crown of his head to his feet. While mixing chemicals at the last place in Boston where he worked, an unforseen combination ensued, and an explosion was the result. This explosion proved most disastrous to Sanford. He got the bulk of the flying liquid in his face, and his nose was fairly eaten off. He was ill for a long time, and during his sickness his whole left side was paralyzed, as stated above. Within the last three years he has partially recovered the use of his afflicted side, and in the summertime manages to get around and do a little garden work, the Sanford place being noted for the quality of the vegetables raised and the beauty of the floral plats. Sanford is a most interesting conversationalist, and is full of stories regarding the life of a drug clerk. His experience with hashish is worth reproducing. Hashish is the foundation of the same powerful extract that figures in Monte Cristo. The name by which it goes among druggists is "extractum cannabis indicæ," or extract of Indian hemp. The liquid preparation resembles ink in appearance —a dark green ink. Its fragrance is of a narcotic odor, and in taste it is slightly warm, bitterish and acid. In Hindostan, Persia, and other parts of the east, hemp has habitually been employed as an intoxicating agent. The parts used are the tops of the plant and a resinous product obtained from it. The plant is cut after flowering, and formed into bundles from two to four feet long by three inches in diameter, which are sold in the bazars by the name of gunjah. The resin obtained is formed into balls by the natives, and is smoked like tobacco, with which it is said to be frequently mixed. An infusion or decoction of the drink is sometimes used as an exhilarating drink.

"Some eight or ten years ago," says Sanford, "I was at work for a prominent druggist in Boston. For some little time I had been suffering with dyspepsia, and the ailment bothered me so that life became unbearable. I at last mixed up a decoction that gave me great relief. I was to take it before meals, and placed the bottle on a shelf behind the prescription counter among other bottles which are usually found in that place. One noon I went to take my medicine. I took down what I thought to be the right bottle, and, discarding the use of a spoon, I placed the bottle to my mouth and took a large swallow. Horrors! The taste told me that I had made a mistake! I looked at the bottle and—well, my friend, I had taken a large dose of Indian cannabis, or otherwise hashish. I knew what the results would be. I staggered back to the rear part of the store. How queer I felt. How light I was growing. Up, up, up I went, until my head bobbed against the ceiling. I was like a cork floating on disturbed water. I glided along, and could look down and see the huge bottles, each one with a hideous face laughing at me. The stools on the marble floor seemed to want to keep me company, and their click, click, on the marble floor sounded like thunder in my ears. Suddenly I was plunged into inky blackness. From the black nothingness flashed out bright balls of light. I reached the sofa and sank down upon it. My tongue seemed to swell, and I tried in vain to scream, but no sound issued. I seemed to know that there was a long, long hour before my fellow-clerk would be back from his dinner, and then he might not come into the rear room and discover my condition. The events of days and weeks came before my mind in all the details, and I saw faces—beautiful faces—angelic in their divinity, which seemed to beckon to me and then vanish with a hideous laugh. Again was I tossed to the ceiling and then thrown by some invisible force from one side of the room to another. I felt no concussion, but bounced about like a huge foot-ball. Then I fell back into dreamy contemplation and years seemed to pass by. Fantastic pictures were worked, my limbs felt weighted with lead, just the opposite to my experience of what seemed to me years ago. I heard somebody say: 'Why, Rolphie, old fellow, what's the matter? Rolphie! Rolphie!' The words reverberated like thunder. My shop-mate had returned. Again he tried to skake me to myself, and I never hated a man so cordially as I hated him at that moment. He got a doctor, and I tell you, my friend, they had no easy time to bring me to myself. Every word they uttered surged into my brain and seemed to jar me to pieces. I suffered from that experience long afterward, and it appears even at this day, when I think it over, that I have that feeling coming on, so powerful was the impression made on me at that time."

Scenes of Sensuous Beauty.

Hindoos, coolies, men, women and children—standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows and the keen strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed frown the eye glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babagees priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy full beards are Mussulmans; they have their mosques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are, in their close-clinging, soft, brief robes and tantalizing veils, a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded, the silver circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking, or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect, always suggest lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statue of "Kama, the Indian Eros." The mother's arms are covered from elbow to rist with silver bracelets some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose orament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman; is she a Chinablanco—a coolie, or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose, soft, white garment, leaving arms, ankles and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut, sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer; it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *beaute du diable*; it is very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.—*Lufcadio Hearn' in Harper's Magazine*.

The Light of Home.

When every star that gems the sky
In darkness hides its silvery ray,
And midnight shadows thickly lie,
Like sable curtains on the way,
One light remains to pierce the gloom,
One ray—it is the light of home.

That light where o'er undimmed it shines,
Unnumbered blessings sheds around;
Where fall its soft and tender lines
There truest happiness is found.
There is no light beneath the dome
So precious as the light of home.

Within its sacred circle blend
The purest virtues, true and strong;
Here friend deserves the name of friend,
And love resides, nor fears a wrong;
And when the heart meets pain and ill
That friendly beacon cheers it still.

For one afar its radiance streams
The proof of joy and hope and cheer,
And draws him with its welcome beams
To all he holds most prized and dear.
His heart is glad, his eye grows bright
As he beholds its faithful light,

And thus as we, with weary feet,
Life's dark and tangled mazes tread,
Let us take heart, for, pure and sweet,
There is a light that shines ahead,
That leads us onward, while we roam,
To find in heaven the light of home.

—*Boston Journal*.

FITTING A WOMAN.

A Glimpse in the Trying-on Room of a Fashionable Ladies' Tailor.

"It is a good deal more difficult to fit a lady than you would imagine," said a fashionable ladies' tailor the other day. "You see," he continued, "ladies are very peculiar. I have been in the business for years and have had dealings with every kind of women in this country and in Europe. How are ladies measured? Well, first they take off their outer waist, leaving their neck and arms bare. Then the fitter measures them from the collar to the waist in the back; the width of the back is taken at its widest and narrowest parts, the front from the base of the throat to the waist, next from the under arm to the waist, and then the size of the throat is taken. After that we take the measurement of the bust, waist and hips. That done, the inside length of the sleeves is taken, and the circumference of the biceps. The measure of the skirt is next taken, up down and around. Then we have three fittings. First in the rough, second with more perfect linings, and lastly when everything is completed."

"Who does the fitting?"

"Men and women. Some ladies will be fitted by none but men. They don't seem to like women about them. Some don't like the idea of wearing so few clothes and allowing men to handle them. Fitting is a rather embarrassing thing at times, let me tell you. Then women's vanity keeps a great many from allowing men to fit them, especially where the figure is not well rounded. Most of the ladies wear skin-tight web undergarments, which show all the outlines and yet are not immodest. Good fitters practically command their own prices. They work only during the seasons, which are very short here, and they make $4,000 to $5,000 a year. They are born fitters, just as men are born poets and orators."

"How do you 'make up' a poor figure?"

"That is an art. For instance, a lady will come who is as thin as a rail, with no bust, no arms, no shoulders. We have to use cotton wadding to support her deficiencies. That's where a good fitter comes in. A bungler would make her look lumpy, but an artist in his line turns her out a model. Then suppose a big, fleshy lady comes along. She has an immense expanse of breast. Of course, that must be broken. We usually break the bodice into four lines by a rever of same cloth. Your eye can only travel from one line to the other, and before it has passed around all of them the mind forgets to notice the expanse. A perfectly plain bodice is very trying except to a perfect figure. In that event, of course, it only sets it off. It is not often that I advise plain fronts, so few can stand them."—*New York Letter*.

Getting His Money's Worth.

Mr. Shentpershent (at hotel table, a summer resort)—Mein cracious! Isaac, you little vool! Vat vor you ask for bret?

Little Isaac—I vant bret mit my meat, fadder.

Mr. Shentpershent—Shust hear dat! He vants bret ven bret sell for only fife cents a loaf, an' he gan't eat a kavater off a loaf', an' I pay fife tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac eat dis bottle off olives. Dey cost von tollar a bottle.—*Cartoon*.

A betting man frequently finds it a colt day when he puts his money on the old horse.—*Time*.

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Fire destroyed St. Elizabeth Hospital at Danville. The loss is covered by insurance.

—A slight earthquake shock was felt at Duquoin. The vibrations were northeast and southwest.

—Galesburg is suffering from an epidemic of diphtheria. Several deaths have taken place within a few days. The Superintendent of Schools taking steps to prevent the spread of the disease.

—G. S. Howard, a prominent contractor of Spring Valley, mysteriously disappeared a few days ago and has not been heard of since. He had about $1,500 in his possession when he left. Foul play is suspected.

—Nearly 1,000 guests assembled in reopening the Peoria Board of Trade. It was burned down last winter and has been rebuilt. It was reopened with a banquet, ball and concert. The building is much more complete and convenient than before the fire.

—Miss Gertrude Bradshaw, eldest daughter of H. G. Bradshaw, was burned to death at her home in Marshall. She was engaged in burning leaves, and in some manner her dress caught fire and before assistance could reach her she was so terribly burned that death resulted in about two hours.

—Fred Fleming, an intelligent, well dressed man about forty-five years old, who recently arrived in Champaign committed suicide in his room in the Matheny House by taking arsenic. He received a lettler from hiswife, whom he married in Springfield in September last, stating that she had another husband, and it is supposed that this news impelled him to take his own life.

—Fred Anschlag, who is in jail at Los Angeles, Cal., under sentence of death for killing Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, of Elgin, some months ago, has made confession of the murder of his neighbor Julius Feugh, in September, 1887, in Butte county. He charged George Stenger and one Barder with inspiring him to commit the crime to obtain Feugh's money. Stenger was arrested at San Francisco.

—The inquest to determine the responsibility for the wreck on the Chicago & Alton at San Jose, in which one person lost his life and several were injured, was held in Lincoln. Conductor Denis of train No. 72 testified that he made a mistake in reading his time-card, and took the time 7:35, at which train No. 75 is due at Delavan, for 6:55, the time at which the same train is due at San Jose. The inquest was adjourned for two weeks in order to obtain more witnesses.

—A report reached Duquoin that three more of the victims of the bridge accident at Blairsville are dead. William Thompson was killed outright, making four deaths. It was a Howe truss iron bridge, 170 feet in the clear, and fifty feet above the water, and was built in 1876. The County Board had declared it unsafe, and thirteen men were repairing it. In fastening some of the nuts the rods were loosened and one of the girders gave way and the bridge collapsed, injuring every man on it. The bridge is a total wreck. It cost $7,000.

—During the races at Freeport last year Charles A. Winship and David B. Staples became involved in an altercation at the Brewster House over the discussion of a turf question. Blows were exchanged, and Staples drew a revolver and shot Winship, inflicting a wound from which he recovered only after a long illness. Both were well-known sporting men, Staples being the son of Isaac Staples, the millionaire of Stillwater, Minn. The latter came to his son's assistance after his arrest, and the best legal talent was employed in his defense. The trial was stubbornly contested, but ended in young Staples being found guilty of shouting with intent to kill. All the legal methods were exhausted to secure a reversal of the sentence, but without avail, and the Sheriff took Staples to the state prison at Joliet to serve his term of one year's imprisonment.

MICHIGAN.

—Frank Hall, a small boy of Jackson, has cleared $78 this season selling bouquets on the streets.

—The Dayton Manufacturing Company's building at North Muskegon, burned. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $5,000.

—Judge Shipman, of Coldwater, has been engaged by the Michigan Pottowatomie Indians to collect that $200,000 they think the government owes them.

—The county of Macomb has again come to the front as the only county that has paid every dollar of its state taxes. It has done the same thing for many years.

—At Reed City Alexander St. Charles, aged 33 years, attempted to enter Mrs. Ferguson's residence, when Frank Walker shot and instantly killed him. Walker was arrested.

—Theodore Mevis, who was recently arrested at Lansing for horse stealing, does not get much sympathy from his father. The old man says he would not go on Theodore's bail if the bond was reduced to five cents.

—Mrs. Amos Dewaters, of Nashville, was suffering from despondency growing out of domestic troubles. She placed a revolver to her breast and fired, The bullet tore through her right lung and came out at the shoulder. Mrs. Dewaters will die.

—At Bay City Mrs. Jennie Smith, aged sixty-seven, died, insane and destitute. She was the mother of Alderman Oscar Smith, who left town recently, leaving many creditors and an unenviable notoriety. His sister, Francis Smith, has also gone insane over the trouble.

—At a meeting of the Central Michigan Beekeepers Association, held at Lansing, a few days ago, it was agreed that the honey crop this year had been a rank failure. Nature was not in a honey-making mood, and the flowers gave the bees poor picking, though the bees themselves were in good health all season.

—James O'Brien and John W. Pierson, aged respectfully twenty and twenty-four years, have been arrested at Marshall and are supposed to be burglars. They may be missionaries, or theological students, but the fact that one of them had two revolvers, seven safe drills, and a full kit of burglar's tools makes that appear unlikely.

—There are times in the lives of most of us—even the best of us, in fact,—when we feel that a moment—just a moment—of wickedness would be a great relief. Such may have been the feeling of Rev. Hunsberger, of Coldwater, who emphasized a point by striking the pulpit with his fist, and hit on a needle someone had left there.

—At the Democratic parade at Grand Rapids, a wagon load of red fire and pyrotechnics went off. The six horses attached to it ran away, causing a terrible scare and stampeding some of the "cavalry." One horse, ridden by Stephen O'Brien, was killed. Stephen had an ankle sprained, James Pelton was badly burned, and several others were injured.

—During a thunderstorm at Hanover, William Brooks left his bed to shut the windows, and a moment later Mrs. Brooks heard a tremendous crash and a wail from her husband, who declared that he had been struck by lightning. The wife quickly went to her husband's relief and found that he had run against the stove and barked his nose and face.

—A comparatively modern Indian cemetery has been discovered one and a half miles east of Alma. Thre skeletons were found, and one had a string of beads around the neck that measured (the string of beads, not the neck) 16 feet long. Plates and trinkets, Indian pipes, etc., to the number of 100 were found. One plow furrow turned up four skulls. It is presumed that the interments were made about fifty years ago.

—At Grand Rapids, when the streets were full of people, a man boldly forced the door of Colonel McConnell's loan office, on Pearl street, using a jimmy for the purpose, and helping himself to the valuables, departed without attracting attention. Several thousand dollars worth of watches, diamonds and other articles are missing. The man was so bold in his operation that, although he was seen at work, nobody suspected anything wrong.

—Miss Sadie Owen, daughter of George W. Owen, of Pontiac, has just completed a journey that few girls would ever think of undertakihg, she having driven from her home to Saganaw, a distance of sixty-five miles, in a buggy drawn by a pair of cream-colored mustangs, which she received in their wild state and thoroughly trained herself, and is now willing to sell them rather than reaurn by that slow medium in this uncertain weather.

—There were shipped by lake from the Lake Superior mines at Marquette during the week ending Wednesday, Oct. 31, a total of 168,426 tons of ore, of which 30,471 tons were from Marquette; 11,364 tons from St. Ignace; 90,462 from Escanaba; 30,078 from Ashland, and 15,151 from Two Harbors. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1887 amounted to only 94,702 tons. By ranges the shipments to date are: Marquette range, 1,613,008 tons; Gogebic range, 1,143,260 tons; Vermillion range, 383,536 tons.

—Owing to reported irregularities in the money order department of the postoffice at Monroe Inspectors Dexter, O'Neill and Smith went there from Detroit to investigate the accounts of the office. The result of their investigations showed that Assistant Postmaster Kellie had received complaints from the department at Washington, but had neither answered them nor turned them over to Postmaster Noble, who was ignorant of their existence. Kellie was arrested and taken to Detroit. It is not known what charge will be preferred against him.

—At East Saginaw, one man was killed and four others were seriously injured in a rather singular way. An alarm of fire had been turned in and hose-cart No. 1 responded. A large, heavy wagon had been left standing in the middle of the street, and, as the hose-cart with five men on it came dashing along at full speed, a collision occurred. The firemen were all thrown off, and the cart, which weighs 5,000 pounds, fell on them, pinning them to the ground. Henry Jordan was so badly crushed that he has since died. Benjamin Farrington had both legs broken; Thomas Trahan was badly hurt about the neck and shoulders; Robert Hudson had a hip dislocated and Foreman William Poudon suffered internal injuries. The injured men will probably all recover.

INDIANA.

—A few wild ducks are to be seen about the Northern Indiana lakes.

—Crawsfordsville young ladies have organized a Bible society, whose object is the duty of the Scriptures.

—The grand jury at Huntington, reported that the killing of Arthur Watkins by City Marshal Rosebrough was justifiable.

—Sip Bender, while cutting wood near Fort Wayne, was assaulted by three negroes, who robbed and then mutilated him horribly.

—Owen Bohanan, of Tipton, while delirious with typhoid fever, escaped from his attendants and took a long walk, which did him no harm.

While firing a salute with a cannon at Worthington, the charge was fired prematurely, blowing off George Dyer's left leg near the body and also the fingers on the left hand.

—The convicts at the Jeffersonville prison are to be treated to sauer kraut three times a day this winter. Several thousand heads of cabbage are being manufactured into the article.

—The Indianapolis Excelsior Works was totally destroyed by fire. Loss, $10,000; partially insured. A woodenware establishment was also connected with the works and is a total loss.

—Melcher J. Culp, of Elkhorn, captured James Lawrence, a burglar in his house as he was preparing to leave, with a quantity of valuables. The prisoner was locked up and bound over to the Circuit Court.

—While Dolly Philips, aged 20, was watching the Republican parade at Terre Haute, a man walked up to her and exclaiming, "There, take that," shot her dead. The murderer, whose name is said to be Galloway, escaped.

—While out riding at Somerset, near Wabash, a horse driven by Charles Lawshe ran away. Mrs. Lawshe threw her two children out of the buggy just before the vehicle upset. She was seriously and her husband dangerously injured. His hip was dislocated and he was badly hurt internally. The children were un'injured.

—At Kokomo, Truman Hobson, a young Democrat, shouted on the street, during the Democratic rally, "$5,000 reward for the sight of a Republican." An old soldier, Abner Miller, answered, "here's one," and Hobson at once knocked him down and kicked and stamped on him so severely that he died. Hobson is under arrest.

—Judge D. B. Eckles, who died at Greencastle, was born in Kentucky in 1806, and settled in Greencastle in 1838. He was the first Mayor of the city, a captain in the Mexican war, a Circuit Judge for 16 years and Chief Justice of Utah under President Buchanan. He was a leading Democratic politician and was highly respected.

—George W. Mitchell, an extensive dealer in live stock near Seymour, left his home to go into the country. About noon he was found unconscious in a lonely piece of woodland, two and one-half miles from home. He is dying of his injuries, the cause of which is unknown. So far as is known he was not robbed of any money or valuables.

—A letter surprise has been arranged for Miss Carrie Kidwell, an American lady, who is in California. The postmaster of the town has been notified not to furnish her any letters that may reach the postoffice after Oct. 26 until Nov. 1, and in the meantime all her Anderson friends are to write to her. On November 1 she will be surprised by receiving nearly a bushel of letters, and it will require a month of solid work to answer them.

—John Turner has been a respected citizen of Elkhart the last dozen years, and about eight years ago married an Elkhart lady. The other night a lady arrived there direct from Glasgow, Scotland, with a marriage certificate and announced herself as wife No. 1, whom he abandoned fifteen years ago. When an effort was made to serve a warrant on Turner it was found that he had got wind of her presence and fled, leaving wife No. 2 also. It is said that he went to Canada.

—The Republicans held a rally at Hope, a small town twelve miles east of Columbus. Among those present were two young rowdies named Gibeon Piercefield and Joseph Middleton, who live a few miles north of the city. They have had a grudge for some time against Jacob Brennan, the Town Marshal of Hope, and while drunk they began an attack upon him. Brennan was cornered, and drawing a revolver, he opened fire upon his assailants. Middleton was mortally wounded and died in a short time, while Piercefield also received a dangerous wound, which will cause his death. Brennan has been arrested.

—Statistics in process of compilation by State Geologist Thompson will show an amazing growth in the industrial interests of that part of Indiana known as the "gas belt." The amount of capital invested in manufactories during the last two years, mainly in the last year, is roughly estimated at $7,000,000. The making of glass, paper, and iron has received the most attention. Of plants for the manufacture of glass there are now thirteen, and of paper or pasteboard almost as many. The towns of Marion, Kokomo, Anderson and Muncie have profited most from the discovery of the gas, though Noblesville and several other places are close behind in prosperity.

—A section of pipe of the Richmond Pipe Line burst near Honey Creek. A burning brush heap near by ignited the gas, producing a great volume of flame that leaped high into the air with a seething, roaring noise. Trains on the Panhandle Road found it impossible to pass that point, and traffic was stopped for nearly half a day. A telegraph pole near by was burned to the ground, thereby cutting off telegraphic communication for six hours. A special engine was finally dispatched to Anderson and Major Doxey notified of the accident. He went at once to Chesterfield, where he shut off the wells, and by this means extinguished the fire.

How "Mark Twain" Received His Sobriquet.

Samuel L. Clemens took his nom de plume of "Mark Twain" from the sound which was most familiar to his ears when he was a "cub" or apprentice pilot on the Mississippi river. When a steamboat was approaching shore a deckhand would be stationed on the forecastle deck to take soundings with a line, on which each fathom or four feet is marked with a red rag called a "mark." The mate on duty stationed himself at the bell. Most of the boats drew about six or seven feet of water. Naturally eight feet or two fathoms was the danger line, and so when the deckhand, by means of the second mark, discovered this depths, he stentoriously shouted "Mark twain," and thereupon the boat was slowed.

MACHINERY OUTDONE BY HANDS.

How Playing Cards are Cut—Great Men—Interesting Facts About the Handling of Eggs.

"Speaking about accuracy of machinery," observed a scientific writer the other day, "but this degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful."

Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned "end for end" in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this, make calipers of their finger and thumb and by passing them along from one to the other, detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply seperate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at random and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

Where large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market there is a process known as "candleing" eggs, which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time), and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the practiced eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need to use the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs which are decidedly bad, but those which are just barely beginning to lose their freshness.

"Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training. First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude; second, in weight; and, lastly, in texture or character of surface handled."—*New York Mail and Express*.

A BIG CASH CHEST

It Will Hold a Hundred and Twenty-Eight Million Silver Dollars.

This great steel cash-box of the government, which has just been put in readiness to receive the overflowing millions of coin of the republic, is the largest construction of the kind in the world, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Times*. It lies buried under the north court of the treasury building, where all the hundreds of millions of the people's money is kept. It consists of outer walls of masonry and brick and a covering of iron girders, brick arches and concrete five feet thick, and an inner lining of heavy plates of steel. The inside measurements are 80 by 50 feet and 12 feet high. For the convenience and additional security of storage the interior is divided into sixteen steel lattice cells, 20 by 10 feet, with a capacity of 6,500,000 silver dollars each. They are surrounded by an outer corridor and open upon a transverse passage.

The inner door of this immense coin chest is a massive construction of steel, 8 by 6 feet 6 inches thick, and weighs 5,000 pounds. An apparatus consisting of levers and a combination of cogs is required to open and close it on its tracks. A half-dozen men can barely move it unaided by this mechanical appliance.

A practical idea of the size of this immense subterranean cash box may be formed by showing its holding capacity in silver coin. It is estimated to accommodate $100,000,000 in the cells or sixteen latticed subdivisions. The silver is packed in heavy canvas bags 18x10 inches, each holding 1,000 silver dollars and weighing about fifty-nine pounds. Each cell contains $6,500,000, which is 6,500 sacks, making 384 500 pounds of silver coin, or equal to over 192 net tons. The sixteen cells will hold $100,000,000, or 100,000 bags of dollars, weighing 5,900,000 pounds, or about 3,000 net tons. The outer corridors and passage will store $28,000,000 more, or 28,000 sacks, or 1,592,000 pounds, equal to nearly 800 tons more; or an aggregate storage capacity for $128,000,000 in 128,000 sacks, weighing 7,492,000 pounds, or 3,746 tons.

In event of a sudden necessity to remove this immense bulk of treasure it would require about 1,900 four-horse wagons carrying two tons each and making a treasure train thirty-six miles in length, or it would take a railway train of 187 cars, each car carrying twenty tons of coin.

A BUFFALO WOMAN'S FORTUNE.

How She Made $40,000 Out of a Grape-Seed.

The fact that fortunes in these days are quite as frequently made by chance as by assiduous labor is demonstrated in the case of a woman now residing near Buffalo, but whose former home was Euclid township, near Cleveland, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The section of northern Ohio extending along the lake shore from Sandusky to Ashtabula is one of the best grape-growing countries in the world, and thousands of acres of vineyards are cultivated profitably. Much of the crop is turned into wine, while the finer varieties are put on the market for table use. Some years ago this woman was left a widow in straitened circumstances. Her only means of livelihood consisted of a small vineyard.

Among the varieties of grapes was a plant that her husband had but recently set out as an experiment. The puny vine bore this season but a single bunch of grapes. It is well known, of course, that grapes are raised from cuttings and roots and not from seed. This woman out of curiosity planted the seed from one of the grapes of this vine. They sprouted and did so well that the young vines were transplanted, and when sufficiently developed bore handsomely a variety of grapes that differed radically from the original seed. It was a luscious table grape. A neighboring nurseryman had his attention drawn to the new grape and made the woman a proposition to take cuttings from the vine, give the variety a name, and put it on the market, paying her a royalty on all roots sold. She accepted it, and in a few years reaped a small fortune as her share of the profits from the sale, as the grape became an immediate favorite. Forty thousand dollars in royalties were paid to her by the nurseryman. She sold her little vineyard and retired to live at ease the ballance of her days in her native town in New York state on the money brought her by the seeds from a single grape planted almost by chance.

Trout Fishing.

It is amusing to read the articles on trout taking the fly. One angler has great luck with the fly in cearain waters; another tries it and cannot kill a fish excepting with bait. Angler No. 2 goes for angler No. 1 for telling fish stories, and angler No. 1 calls angler No. 2 another, and so the fight goes on. And yet both are often right. Whether it is Lake Edward, in Canada, or Moorehead, in Maine, or Pend d'Oreille, in Idaho, the trout, and the black bass, too, for that matter, will not leave the deep, cold water to rise into the warm surface water for any fly, not even the "patent fluttering." That is the whole business in a nutshell. I have fished in lakes that either in June or September afforded the finest fly fishing one could ask for, and in August the angler could cast until his arm ached, morning, noon and night, without seeing a sign of a fish. Now and then one may find a lake so cold that the July and August sun does not drive the fish down, but they are rare. Human beings take the shady side in winter; and the trout are very much the same way. From twenty-five years experience I can say that it is utterly useless to expect fly fishing in large lakes in July and August, with rare exceptions. So no matter how good the reports are of fly fishing in May and June, do not expect the same in hot weather.—*Forest and Stream*.

Beyond Medical Aid.

Neighbor: "How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Jones: "He is very ill, indeed." "Worse than he was?" "O, yes; the nurse says he is beyond the reach of the doctors now." "I am glad to hear it." "What?" "I am glad to hear it. Now, if you can keep him beyond their reach, I think he will get well rapidly."—*Texas Siftings*.

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1888.

"MORE! more! Twenty-four years more!" That is the way they sing the song in Geneva, N. Y.

WE note that the republicans of Detroit have taken steps to investigate the frauds perpetrated in that city at the polls. It is a wise move and we hope the democrats will heartily coöperate with them in bringing the rascals to punishment. The time has come when this crime against the ballot box should meet the punishment which the law provides, and now the matter is to be taken in hand, it is hoped that the work will be thorough and exhaustive. Let no guilty man escape.

WHY should it be thought exacting to demand that a man's politics should be a part of his religion and sturdy, practical common sense an element of both? Next to duty to God, stands duty to country; next to being an honest man, is being a good citizen. In a republic every man is a significant unit. The laboring man's vote counts one, the vote of the President counts no more. Upon every man, it is alike incumbent to secure, as far as in him lies, the establishment of good government by the enactment of just laws. To render to Ceasar the things that are Ceasar's, is a positive command, no less than that which bids us render to God the things that are God's.

PRIVATE letters from New York state say that the prohibitionists are more disgusted than the democrats. Well they may be. The democrats sowed tares, and they got a crop, such as it is. The prohithe bitionists sowed wind and reap only the whirlwind. This part of Michigan contains a good many people who came here from central New York, specially from Wayne and Ontario counties, such will be interested to know that these counties gave large repulican majorities, not only for the national ticket, but for Warner Miller as well. "Money, whisky and grog-shops," says the editor of the Geneva Courier, "fought the name of Miller all day. That ticket got over a thousand majority nevertheless." Good for Ontario!

THE many friends of Mr. Perry F. Powers will be pleased to know that that gentleman is alive and well, and happier than a King. He runs ahead of his ticket in every ward in Cadillac, and received a large majority. This, too, in spite of the fact that as the publisher of a red-hot republican paper he could not expect assistance from friendly democrats, nor had he the advantage of long residence and its consequent social influence; nor was his candidacy ever referred to in his paper. He simply fought the good fight of republicanism, urging upon the people of Wexford county their duty to bring that county into the position in which it belonged in the republican column. The result is abundantly gratifying to Mr. Powers. Just how much he is indebted to the constant attentions he received from his chronic adversary of the State Democrat, and how much from the "long experience" of the "non-partisan" author of an extensively circulated circular, he may not be able to determine; but this is certain, that for the first time in eight years the republicans of Wexford county have elected every candidate on their ticket. We congratulate Mr. Powers. He is young, energetic, progressive. He will make an intelligent and useful member of the Board of Education.

HELLO THERE, DAKOTA!

The first work of the new administration should be to divide Dakota and admit the sections as states to the Union. This territory has suffered long enough from the mistaken policy of the past, and a speedy end should be made of her case. Had Mr. Cleveland been as great a statesman as he is a partisan, and done justice to Dakota, there would have been many degrees less of bitterness in the terribly bitter cup which the people compelled him to drink on election day. No party can afford to dally with justice and ignore the right for purely party advantage as did the democrat party in the case of this magnificent territory. The American people as a people, demand of their servant's faithful adherence to what is right and just, and will punish the man or party who forgets to sink partisan spirit and partisan advantage, in matters of importance, and administer on the broad principles of the statesman. Let Congress act promptly, and give Dakota the rights so long denied her.

THE SLAVE TRADE MUST GO.

It would seem that at last we are to see an end to the abominable slave trade as carried on in Africa. Cursed above all other countries by its tribal relations, cursed by the ignorance and savage nature of its inhabitants, Africa, for centuries, has been a prey to the cupidity, and greed of every other nation in the world.

"Right ever on the scaffold,
Wrong ever on the throne,"

has been literally and cruelly fulfilled in the history of this dark continent and her sorrowful people.

It seems now that there is promise of an end to the crime of man stealing. Portugal which has long held sway in the eastern portion, has consented to join England, France and Germany in blockading the ports whence this miserable traffic has found an outlet. This should end the wickedness, and give to those who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone thither in hope of redeeming the native tribes and rescuing them from the bondage of ignorance, the opportunity to prosecute their benevolent and beneficent work. So long as the slave trade continues, their efforts are vain, but with this new move on the part of European powers, light cometh and the dawn appears.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FIXED.

After a desperately fought battle, next to the victor stands the man who, fighting bravely, comes forth from the contest with every thing lost but honor. But he who in the hour of peril directs his forces from the charge, and thus gives victory into the hands of the enemy, shares the glory of neither.

Of the contestants who went into the field on November 6, there is one party which emerges with neither victory nor honor. Its only trophy is the delivering of New York into the control of the saloon interest, and the defeat, by prospective repeal, of the admirable temperance legislation which has already proved so effective in New Jersey. For these deplorable results, Clinton B. Fisk must stand condemned at the bar of public opinion. The Fitz John Porter of the temperance war, he withheld the contingent that should have converted defeat into victory. He is as trnly responsible for the results as was that other traitor, for the defeat which followed the refusal to reënforce General Pope.

To himself and his followers, he may be able to justify his conduct, but their sophistries will impose upon no one else. In his case there will be no Congress of Confederalte brigadiers to verse the popular verdict. Public opinion will put both traitors in the same pillory, and brand them both with the same ineffaceable stigma.

WARNER MILLER.

We cannot omit a word of appreciation for Warner Miller. He possesses such magnificent moral courage and unusual ability, and his declaration that he would not run except on an out-and-out unequivocal, earnest temperance platform, which was freely given him, was one only example of his devotion to all that is true and pure. The Mail and Express well says:

> As Mr. Hill stood out as champion of the liquor interests so Warner Miller, by his nature, instincts, sentiments, associations and antecendents, was the natural champion of "the Home" against "the Saloon" and of the legitimate and honest interest against those "interests" that thrive at the expense of others.

During the whole of the marvelously energetic and powerful campaign that Warner Miller made in which he impressed his earnest personality on large masses of voters in nearly every county in the state, he made the temperance issue so plain, definite and prominent that the best of the republican prohibitionists voted not only for him, but for the other republican candidates, and the success of our National ticket in New York is largely due to his noble and persistent and courageous leadership.

He is beaten and Hill is triumphant, but the victor has *won* a triumph without glory, by disgraceful methods and with the aid of allies, resources, and agencies such as only a man like Hill would use. Warner Miller stands before the country, the moral victor in the struggle and a sure winner in the end.

VOX POPULI.

The representatives of sixty millions of people vote, a complete revolution in the government is wrought, but the next day, men, everywhere, go about their usual avocations as peacefully as though there had been no battle. "The King is dead, long live the King," is as true in a Republic as in a Monarchy, when intelligence and virtue are found among the people.

It is no wonder those outside are puzzled at American methods and American traits. The silent ballot is more potent than a standing army, and more authorative than the edict of an autocrat. In other countries, it is not so, and it is not so because there is more personal ambition, than love of country, because passion rules instead of intellect. Our government was founded in the intelligence and virtue of the people, and when these are wanting, it becomes a rope of sand. He who fails to comprehend this great fact in our history, should be kept from holding positions of trust in the educational field. The authorities should guard jealously the spirit of our schools, and rigidly exclude every factor that tends to weaken or destroy our respect for our own institutions or begets a spirit of distrust in their value. A text book that puts a check on patriotism, or exalts the wisdom and justice of an alien policy, at the expense of our own, or throws discredit, however insidiously, upon our history, should find no place in the work of instruction. No specious plea of superior excellence or scientific plan, can justify its use when its unconscious influence tends to destroy the truly patriotic sentiment on which the perpetuity of our government depends.

We urge upon school boards and upon teachers, the necessity of sleepless vigiance, for without it, we are in danger. As our population increases, the danger of dismemberment becomes more and more imminent. The greater complexity of the body politic calls for greater loyalty to preserve our unity, and increasing conflict of interest, for greater forbearance. Patriotism is better than science, and devotion to one's country, than knowledg of her venial faults.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

The returns of Hon. N. P. Banks to the House of Representatives, recalls vividly to mind one of the most memorable contests ever witnessed by that honorable body of men. For many decades, the southern states had held absolute sway and had ruled Congress with the rod of an autocrat, but when in December 1855, Congress met, northern spirit had so risen under the stimulus of the Kansas outrages and the insults of southern representatives, that northern men could no longer be frightened by threats or subdued by murderous assaults.

In the organization of the House the republican candidate for speaker was N. P. Banks and the southern candidate was William Aiken. Massachusetts and South Carolina were thus brought into collision, but not so much was it the collision of states as of ideas. The question involved was whether slavery should become national, and these states represented the extreme opposites in the issue.

For two months the contest continued and only after the most bitter and inflamitory denunciations of the north by the representatives of the south, did that struggle end on the 133d ballot, by the election of Massachusetts' son. The young men of to-day should read carefully the history of that memerable contest for it stands at the threshold of a new order of things. It was the opening struggle between the two civilizations which had always existed in our country, to give notice to the slaveholder's oligarchy, that their tyranical rule was to be brought into serious question. Though but a boy then, we shall never forget the rising indignation which was manifest among the liberty loving sons of the north, or the contempt expressed by lordly rulers of the southern states, for our people and our principles. In this contest for the speakership, it was no uncommon thing to hear our laboring men called "greasy mechanics," unfit to associate with gentlemen, and "mud sills of society," signifying their degredation. After one of these manifestations of fanatical zeal, Anson Burlingame who was a member of that House, rose in his place, and, in a style that challenged the admiration of the world, wielded in the defense of the north the weapon of his rhetoric and the power of his oratory to the utter disconfiture of his antagonists. In that speech was brought to light the fact that Mr. Banks, himself, had risen from that class of mechanics which had received such characterization, that he in early life had been known as the "bobbin boy of the Massachusetts' Mills." In glowing terms he contrasted the civilization which could take the boy from the humblest station and crown him with the honors which a King might covet, with the civilization which suppressed every rising hope and every laudable aspiration.

We are glad to see the "bobbin boy of Massachusetts' Mills" once more in the place in which he then represented the rising supremacy of right over wrong and the nobler aspirations of humanity, over the despotism of physical power.

Thirty-three years of a noble life are behind this man who now returns to the scenes of his early triumphs. His locks are as white as an angel's wing, but his heart is as brave as when he presided with such firmness and judicial fairness over that body of intellectual giants in 1856-8. A great people may well say to this man venerable in years and eminent in patriotic service: Welcome.

Wings and Stings.

This is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly amusing book by Palmer Cox. It is one of the Queer People series, and similar to its companion "Paws and Claws," of which we told you recently. This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters we have ever seen. The illustrations are splendid and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. The Boston Budget, says: "as a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones." The National Republican says: "Every page is a picture and all the text music, a fountain of fun, never ceasing. It will make young eyes blaze." It will certainly be wonderfully popular. It is published by Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City, to whom persons desiring a copy or an agency should apply.

A democrat editor in western New York must have been pretty badly rattled by the result of the election. In a news paragraph he announced with all gravity, that a young man 18 years of age was "*seriously injured* while attempting to climb a hickory tree," adding, "he fell a distance of 50 feet and struck upon the back of his head, *breaking his neck and producing instant death.*" He omitted to say as to the prospects for his recovery.

The New York Telegram, initiating "Sunset" Cox, remarks that Harrison is thoroughly elected in every respect. All right, brother Telegram; that is because Harrison is thoroughly respected by those who elect.

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DETROIT, MICH. 46173*

College Yells.

Harvard—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!!

Yale—Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah. rah! Ya-a-le!!

Columbia—Rah, Rah, Rah! C.o-l-u-m-b-i-a?!

Dartmouth—Wah, Hoo, Wah; Wah, Hoo, Wah! Dar-d-d-Darthmouth!! Tiger.

Princeton—Rah, Rah, Rah; S-s-s-t, Boom, Ah-h-h!!

Rutgers—Rah, Rah, Rah; Bow-wow-wow!!

Union—Rah, Rah, Rah; U-n-i-o-n; Hikah, Hikah, Hikah!

Williams—Wii-iams, Will-iams, Will-yums, yams, yums! Williams!!

Bowdoin—B-o-w-d-o-i-n! Rah, Rah, Rah!!

Cornell—Cor-nell! a yell, yell, yell! Cornell!!!

Hamilton—Rah, Rah, Rar, Ham-il-ton, Zip, Rah, Boom!!

Madison—Zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Madison!!

Lafayette—Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah; tigar; Lafayette!!

Wooster—W-oo-ster! Bang!!

Syracuse—Hip, Hoo, Rah; Hip, Hoo, Rah: Syracuse, Syracuse; Rah, Rah, Rah!!

Uni. of Tennesee—Rah, Rah, Rah-rah-rah; Bim, Bim, Boom-boom-bah! Rap, Rah, Rah!!

Dickinson—Hip, Rah, Bus, Bis; Dickin-soniensiff! Tiger.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Jacob Emerick and Cynthia A. Emerick his wife, to Newell B. Perkins, dated August 17, 1887, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, Aug. 17th, 1887, in liber 68 of Mortgages on page 148, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Newell B. Perkins to D. C. Griffen, guardian for A. J. Roe, and said Assignment recorded in said Register's office August 7th, 1888, in liber 10 of assignment of mortgages on page 9, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest, and Att'ys fee as provided for in said mortgage, eight hundred forty-two and ninty one-hundredths dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue to the highest bidder, on the 25th day of January, 1889, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon at the southerly front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs to wit: The north half of the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 10, township of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Mich.

Dated Oct. 30th, 1888.

D. C. GRIFFEN, Guardian A. J. ROE,
Asssignee of said mortgage.
D. C. GRIFFEN,
Att'y for Assignee. 6173

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of June, in the year eighteen hundred sixty-six, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of June, eighteen hundred sixty-six, at 11 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., in liber 37 of mortgages, on page 46, Richard West and Jane West, his wife, mortgaged to Benjamin T. Miller, all that parcel of land lying in the township of Superior, in the county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, namely: The west half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), in township two (2) south of range seven east, containing eighty acres. The said mortgage was afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated February 28th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 5th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 188, assigned by said Benjamin S. Miller to Joseph Suggitt; and afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated August 16th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 18th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 204, assigned by said Joseph Suggitt to Sarah Suggitt.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is six hundred and ninty-one dollars. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt thereby secured or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Friday, the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1888, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county.

Dated August 30th, 1888.

SARAH SUGGITT,
THOS. NINDE, Assignee of said Mortgage.
Attorney. 452-64

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 27th day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Beach, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Roccena B. Norris, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that she may be appointed executrix thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 26th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
WM. G. DOTY, Judge of Probate.
Probate Register. 6164

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 26th day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Slawson, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Julia A. Slawson, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to W. Herbert Slawson or some other suitable person. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 26th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
WM. G. DOTY, Judge of Probate.
Probate Register. 6164

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Oscar S. Straight, deceased. Mary E. Straight, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the tenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed: And it is further ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
WM. G. DOTY, Judge of Probate.
Probate Register. 5962

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the first day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel Casey, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James M. Chidister praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 26th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, aud all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the porsons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
WM. G. DOTY, Judge of Probate.
Probate Register. 46265

$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 50 sugar-coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 862 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. 3687

SPECIAL!

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

VERY LOW PRICES

Terms Cash.

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST,

VanTuyl Block, Congress St.,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF $50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of $1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, $100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, $150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

D. L. QUIRK, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

YPSILANTI SANITARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

J. M. CHIDISTER, - LESSEE AND MANAGER.

WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

A Large Stock of Goods

TO BE CLOSED OUT.

Alban & Johnson

Offer their Mammoth Stock of

CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments,

Suitable for

WINTER WEAR

Away Down, to prepare for Fall Stock.

Now is the time, while they are going.

LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

Alban & Johnson.

H. FAIRCHILD & CO.,

CITY MARKET,

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

Of all kinds, at the

Lowest Market Price

Fresh Fish constantly on hand.

Our motto is to please all.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,
Barn Hanger and Track,
Trimmings of any kind,
Cook Stove,
Heating Stove,
Gasoline Stove,
or Oil Stove,
Table or Pocket Cutlery,
Shears and Scissors,
or Carpet Sweeper,
Granite Ware, Tinware,
Shovels, Forks, Spades,
and Wheelbarrows,
Farm Bells,
Tin Roofing,
Eave Troughs,
Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

Huron Street Hardware

and at

PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, PROP.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST

Follet House Block, Cross St.

1888 IS HERE

—AND—

D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S. L. M. JAMES, D. D. S

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

CENTRAL MARKET

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT

MEATS!

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We take great pains to suit the taste of our patrons. Give us a call.

F. C. BANGHART,

South Side Congress St.,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Traveling dame—Oh, I can rest as well when traveling as when at home. Do you like to sleep on the rail? Mr. De Wink (proud father of a first baby)—No, I don't like to, but I have to.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take

BLUE PILLS

or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or high-colored?

Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use

Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is

The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

LADIES USE PEERLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by H. M. Dimick. 4192

Painters All Say

Paint your house with **PENINSULAR PURE PAINTS,**

Prepared in white, and handsome line of shades, READY MIXED for the brush or in paste form for thinning. ☞ Every can bears this guarantee:

GUARATEE OF PURITY.

We GUARANTEE this package to contain nothing but STRICTLY PURE old process WHITE LEAD and OXIDE OF ZINC, ground in PURE LINSEED OIL and Dryers. Shades tinted with most permanent colors. We will pay ONE OUNCE OF GOLD for every ounce of adulteration which this package may be found to contain.

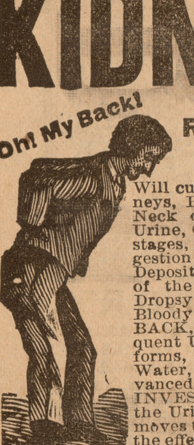
Peninsular White Lead & Color Works, Detroit, Mich.

Call and see a handsome display of these paints. PAINT YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR with PENINSULAR FLOOR PAINT. Dries hard over night. Very durable and lasting. For sale by

A. D. MORFORD, Druggist,

Headquarters for Paints and Oils, Ypsilanti, Mich,

For Diseases of the KIDNEYS



DR. HILL'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhœa in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Three Bottles for $2.50. Delivered free of any charges. ☞ Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For sale by Frank Smith, Ypsilanti, Mich.

BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds; smoke pipes, breachings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry st. and Mich. Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH. 3687

JOE HUDDING,

Carpenter, Joiner and Jobber,

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Work promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Cor. Cross and Ballard Streets.

The Ypsilantian.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Josh. xxi, 43-45, and xxii, 1-9—Commit Verses 1-4—Golden Text, Gal. vi, 2—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

The principal incident in today's lesson is the return of the two tribes and a half to their possessions on the east of Jordan with the charge of Joshua to them. Between last week's lesson and this one we find three leading events: The removal of the Tabernacle from Gilgal to Shiloh, the division of the remainder of the land among the seven tribes which had not received their portion, and the appointing of six cities of Refuge, three upon each side of Jordan.

43. "And the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which he sware to give unto their fathers." If the ten spies who discouraged the people and all the thousands who perished in the wilderness could rise from their graves and see their brethren and children in actual possession of the good land which they had refused to possess because of the giants and walled cities, and Caleb possessing and enjoying the very center and stronghold of the giants, they would surely be greatly surprised, and perhaps ashamed of their unbelief, which had shut them out from this inheritance, and if they should ask the dwellers therein how they ever overcame the difficulties, what answer could be given but simply this: "Our God fought for us, and we relied upon Him and obeyed Him."

44. "The Lord gave them rest, according to all that He sware unto their fathers." It is as difficult for many Christians to learn to rest, not in idleness but in activity, as it is for some swimmers to learn to float; but as surely as the latter finds that the water does bear him on its bosom when he quietly rests upon it, so surely does the Christian find that "we who have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. iv, 3) when in confidence we commit ourselves and all our affairs to the love and faithfulness of our covenant keeping God.

45. "There failed not ought of any good thing; all came to pass." The same glorious fact is stated in ch. xxiii, 14; 1 Ki. viii, 56; and no true believer shall ever be able to say that any one thing has failed of all that God has promised.

Ch. xxii, 1, 2. "Ye have kept all that Moses, the servant of the Lord, commanded you, and have obeyed my voice in all that I commanded you." When these two tribes and a half asked Moses for their inheritance on the east of Jordan, he was afraid they meant to enjoy immediately their possessions and thus discourage and cause discontent among the other tribes; but when they assured him that they would only build cities for their families and folds for their sheep, and that they themselves would pass over armed with the other tribes, and not return to their homes until all the children of Israel had inherited ever man his inheritance, then Moses was content to let them possess the land on the east of Jordan. (Num. xxxii.) So 40,000 of them prepared for war, passed through the Jordan with the other tribes. (Josh. iv, 12, 13.) Now that they have faithfully kept their promise during these years of fighting and subduing, Joshua is about to dismiss them to their homes with his blessing, and he first commends their obedience to Moses and to himself. Notice God's commendation of the obedience of Abram and of the Rechabites in Gen. xxii, 18; xxvi, 5; Jer. xxxv, 8-18; and the awful end of the disobedient in II Thes. i, 8. "Willing and obedient" are the two conditions of peace and prosperity.

3. "Ye have not left your brethren these many days unto this day." Every delay on the part of their brethren to go up quickly and possess the land must have been a great trial to them, as their hearts would naturally long to return to their homes and to their families; thus their patience was manifested, and their faith in God that the time of their rest and return would come.

4. "Now return ye unto the land of your possession." Let those who have been for a long time separated from home and friends and then permitted to return, describe the feelings of these obedient ones now released from their promise, that they might return to their families; let some one who was a soldier from one to four years, in our great civil war, and is now a teacher in some Sunday school, tell his scholars how he felt when permitted to set his face homewards.

5. "Take diligent heed to do, to love, to walk, to keep, to cleave unto, and to serve." Here are topics for a series of seven most instructive Bible readings. Let me suggest a few texts on the first two: Take heed—Heb. iii, 12; II Pet. i, 19; Mk. iv, 24; Lu. viii, 18; Josh. xxii, 5; II Chr. xix, 6; I Cor. iii, 10. To do—Ezek. xxxiii, 31, 32; Matt. vii, 21; Lu. viii, 21; Jas. i, 22; Matt. vi, 1; Col. iii, 23, 24; I John iii, 18. Thus you may with great profit search out the others and use them if time permit.

6, 7. "So Joshua blessed them." As the representative of God he blessed them; thus David the King blessed the people in the name of the Lord of Hosts (2 Sam. vi, 18); thus Moses the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death (Deut. xxxiii, 1); and when Jesus was parted from the disciples at His ascension it was while He blessed them. (Luke xxiv, 50, 51.) When God created man He blessed them (Gen. i, 22, 28); when he called Abram He said, "I will bless thee" (Gen. xii, 2, 3); when he commanded Israel to let the land rest every seventh year, and promised them that it would produce enough in the sixth year to last them three years, He gave as the simple reason for this extraordinary fruitfulness, "I will command my blessing." (Lev. xxv, 21.) The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.

8. "Return with much riches unto your tents." Besides the conscious approval of God in their hearts, they return home with much temporal riches; cattle, silver, gold, brass, iron and raiment; they have not lost anything by helping their brethren, and serving the Lord with much self denial. God will not allow those who serve Him to do it unrewarded. If we serve Him for so much, and have an eye chiefly to the wages, He may give us just so much, like the penny a day laborers who bargained with Him; but if we serve Him cheerfully, with grateful hearts because of His mercies to us, His love constraining us, then He will do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.

9. "They departed from Shiloh to go unto the land of their possession." That is equal to saying that they started on their journey from the place of the Tabernacle, from the presence of the Lord. Let us always go forth on our journeys from the presence of Him who has taught us to acknowledge Him in all our ways, and we cannot fail to prosper, for His blessing shall go with us. While the land was being subdued the headquarters of the Ark and Tabernacle were at Gilgal; but in ch. xviii, 1, we find them removed to Shiloh, and there they continued for about three hundred years, until the time of Samuel. (1 Sam. iv.) Shiloh signifies peace, and in Genesis xlix, 10, where it is first used, it refers to Israel's Messiah, who is the Prince of Peace. Let us abide in Him.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Tested and Found Wanting.

Young Authoress—Have you looked over my manuscript, sir?

Magazine Editor—I have not looked over it myself, but I watched my chief reader as he looked over it. It won't do. He didn't blush once.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Smith's drug store. Large Bottles $1. 6

It is base ingratitude for a fine new building to crack itself by settling down to businnss.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1 at Frank Smith's. 6

Sometimes in a trade a man kicks when there is nothing to boot.

Bucklin's Arinca Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith. 465

Minute hands—the baby's.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax.

It is Not Best

to always believe everything that a person tells you, but when you hear that the best blood purifier is Sulphur Bitters, you can believe it, for they cured me of a severe case of blood poisoning. Rev. A. Fairchild, New York City. 6263

Will Knott is a Washington gentleman who, when he is in a hurry, signs his name "Won't."

Boils, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Caress is the new rival town to Kissimee.

The Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.

An old bachelor says he rather likes a comical baby, but he objects when it becomes a screaming farce.

If you need a perfect tonic or a blood purifier, take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. It speedily cures all troubles of the stomach, kidneys and liver. Can be taken by the most delicate. Pride 50 cents. nov

Jeweler—Is your watch all right now, Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith—Well, no, not yet; but it seems to be gaining every day.

I cheerfully recommend Red Clover Tonic to those suffering from troubles of the stomach and liver. I am now on my second bottle, and it makes me feel like a new man. C. M. Connor, Nashua, Iowa. nov

Mrs. A. T. Stewart had to borrow money from Judge Hilton to pay her husband's funeral expenses, so absolute was the judge's control over the Stewart millions.

To err is human, but you make no mistake if you use Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic for dyspedsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, or diseases of the kidneys, stomach and liver. 50 cents.

E. E. Downs has bought the New York Star for $700 and its debts.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or caloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. D. Morford, druggist, Ypsilanti, Mich. 462

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The English Village's "Market."

From the church yard I turned back through streets and lanes until I came to the large open square from which seven streets diverge. Here, in the very center of the town—the market place—is a plain, four cornered building, with a pointed roof, but open otherwise to the weather. This they call the market. The building is supported by four great posts, and is used in suitable weather as an auction house, as a speakers' stand at public meetings, for musicians on festive occasions, and for other purposes of a similar nature; and all around it, on stated days, the farmers range their cumbrous carts and highsided wagons, and sell their butter and eggs within the enclosure; and lounging against the supporting timbers were half a dozen great, hulking fellows, in smock frocks and hobnailed boots, smoking their black pipes or dozing in the shade. (It was about 11 o'clock.) Otherwise the square was untenanted, and there was scarcely a sight or sound of life in any of the seven streets; one might as well have been in Pompeii, it was so still, so dead.

I asked an old man who kept a little watchmaker's shop near by—a slow spoken, slow moving man, whose name, Thomas Hurry, was a strange contradiction of his speech and his movements—what those men were doing there. "Doing?" echoed the old man, "they're doing nothing, don't you see?—they're waiting for jobs. Come here any morning at 6 o'clock and you'll find fifty more such waiting to be hired. The farmers and such as want men to do odd jobs come in here and hire them, some for a day, some for longer. Yon men you see didn't get hired this morning, and they're in hopes somebody will come along yet and want 'em for some little job or other. There's twice as many men in Whittlesea as are needed for the work that's to be done about here—yes, three times as many. Time was when no man need stand idle here for want of a job of work; but that time's gone by long ago."—William T. Tinsley in Lyons Republican.

James R. Keene's First Investment.

Keene is now about 48 years of age, so that he is still young enough to attempt the re-establishment of his fortunes if fate affords him any opportunities at all for catching on. He was born in England, but spent the early part of his life on the Pacific coast. During the '50s he was a small speculator in San Francisco, and never met with any considerable success. A curious story is told about the beginning of his fortunes. His career had been so harassing and marked by so many disappointments that his health was completely broken down, and his physician told him that he must abandon all further work and take a long trip abroad. Just before his departure, and purely by accident, he invested in a few hundred shares of mining stock which was then selling at a very low figure. So unimportant did the investment seem to him that during the year of his absence he never once thought of it, and was very much surprised on his return home to find that the mine had turned out to be a bonanza, and the few hundred dollars' worth of stock which he had purchased had advanced so in price that it was now worth over $200,000.

With this comparatively ample fortune to operate on, Mr. Keene jumped into the San Francisco market and operated with boldness and success. He soon became a millionaire. And when he came on here to New York in 1877, prior to another trip to Europe, his name was perfectly familiar in Wall street. What Keene saw of Wall street at this time attracted him to such an extent that he determined to change the base of his operations, and it was shortly after this that his operations in company with Jay Gould commanded the attention of Wall street men. These early operations were all successful, and at the end of two or three years Keene was looked upon as the coming Crœsus.—New York Cor. Boston Herald.

Mark Twain, in his dry way upon occasion, said: "The temptation to drink among literary men is not the liquor. When a man is dissipated his friends always say, 'Such a brilliant fellow if he would only let liquor alone.' In time the drinker gets credit for talents he never dreamed of possessing, and there are many who try to pluck this brand from the burning. The number of chances offered to a dissipated man to reform and earn a good living are many more than those open to the acceptance of a sober and industrious young fellow. In fact the sober and industrious are supposed to get on any way." And this is not only humorously but tearfully true. The record of literary labor does not show such a splendid premium on industry and sobriety.—Current Literature.

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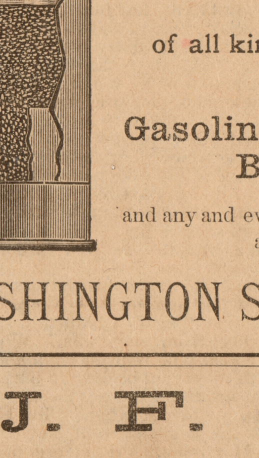

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

City Poet—What a queer-looking yellow weed that is. Young lady—"Yellow weed!" Goodness me! This is the beautiful "Golden Rod" that you raved about in your last poem.—*Time.*

A Japanese story writer has just finished a novel in ninety volumes. If a Japanese messenger-boy ever gets hold of that story the company might as well get a new boy.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I don't see how you can call Mamie Tubbs common!" cried a fair young girl, in a tone of reproof. "Why, she never uses anything but Nectarine chewing-gum, and it costs 15 cents a package!"—*Puck.*

"You must have said something awfully funny to Miss Snyder over in the corner, because I heard her laughing so." "I didn't think it funny," retorted Bjones. "I asked her to marry me."—*New York Sun.*

Traveled dame—O, I can rest as well when traveling as when at home. Do you like to sleep on the rail? Mr. De Winks (proud father of a first baby)—No, I don't like to, but I have to.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I'm glad I didn't marry old Wormley, after all," said Gracie, "although it did make me so vexed at the time." "Why, my dear?" "Because he has lived so much longer than either of us expected."—*New York Sun.*

It has been rumored that the bustle is liable to explode. Possibly; though an accident of this kind occurs only when the fair wearer substitutes a magazine for the newspaper in its construction.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Sissy—"Aw, Miss Laura, er—do you think marriage is a failure?" Miss Laura—"Well, Mr. Sissy, as I have never been married, I cannot say from experience, but between you and me, I think it would be a failure."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Myrtle—Florence, is that Fred Dumbley's handwriting? Florence—Yes, dear. I'm engaged to him, you know. Myrtle—Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer, Florence. The dear boy, I wonder who will marry him eventually.—*Carlton.*

The Baron de Horn, a well-known leader of cotillions in Paris, has invented a new quadrille called "The Persian Lancers." We feel as if the Baron would be a greater success as a cornet soloist—that is, if there is anything in a name.—*Rochester Express.*

First ballet girl—"What a lovely ballet costume you have for the 'Fairy Queen!'" Second ballet girl—"Yes; bought it in Long Branch at second hand. It was made for a bathing dress, though, and I had to lengthen it a little."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Magistrate (to woman)—"You admit that you hit your husband with a stove-lid, and yet you claim there are extenuating circumstances governing the case." Woman—"Yes, sah, dey was a extenuatin' sarcumstance. De stove-lid wasn't hot."—*New York Sun.*

"What sort of labor is best paid in this country?" asked a visiting Englishman of an American. "Field labor," was the prompt reply. "You surprise me!" "It's a fact. You ought to see the salaries paid to our base-ball players."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Upson Downes—"Howell Gibbon has grown perfectly unendurable since he came into his fortune. Many's the time I've lent him money, but he won't look at me now." Angy Tupper—"Yes; I've noticed myself that he's getting too utterly heiry in his way."—*Puck.*

"Do you ever bet on the races, stranger?" he asked as the boat approached Bay Ridge. "I used too, but it cost me too much money." "You are a business-man, I suppose." "Yes, sir; I sell 'tips.' I can give you a sure 10 to 1 winner to-day—only 25 cents."—*Time.*

A literary society proposes to discuss the question: "In What Year Was New Rum Invented?" It is a grand subject for a literary society, but we should think the members would find it less difficult to determine in what year Newport was invented.—*Norristown Herald.*

Jawkins—"Want Softleigh to join our literary club? Why, I don't believe he ever read anything but Mother Goose and the book of etiquette in his life!" Hogg—"Ah, but then he has such a high forehead you know, and wears his eyeglass with such a very intellectual air!"—*Judge.*

Mr. Chesley—"Quick, your decision, Louise!" Miss De Leigh—"Why do you hurry me so?" Mr. Chesley—"For two reasons. Prof. Barnard says that a comet is approaching the earth at a rate of three million miles a day, and—er! ahem!—I think I hear your mother coming too."—*Judge.*

There was confusion in the faces of George and Matilda, who sat in intimate proximity on the sofa, as Harry entered. Matilda was the first to recover her self-possession. She said: "We are engaged in a little game of cards." Harry—And a mighty close game too, eh?—*Boston Transcript.*

"This is indeed a hand-to-mouth existence," sighed the druggist, as he tore off and licked the postage-stamp for a chance customer. "I'm also doing a light business," said the man at the cigar counter; "at least my gas-jet seems to be the only thing wanted by half the men who come in."—*Puck.*

First London Policeman—"H'i say, 'Arry, no H'englishman would do h'a thing like the Whitechapel murders, would 'e?" Second London Policeman—"No; no H'englishman would." "Well, 'Arry, there comes a man wat ain't a H'englishman. Let's arrest 'im for suspicion."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Stern and commercially respected and successful parent to his young son—"My son you are about to enter life. Remember what I say to you now. Let it be buried deep in your heart. Be honest. Cheating may pay for awhile, but in the end honesty is the best policy." "Father, I think as you think." (Solemnly)—"Think, my boy! I know—for I have tried both."—*Truth.*

"Yes," said Col. Blood, "I saw poor Bradley about five minutes after the tree fell on him. Now there was a man cut off in his prime who had everything to make life enjoyable. He had a wife who adored him, the prettiest little boy I ever saw, a pointer dog worth $75 at the least, and what makes his untimely end more touching, he had just that minute uncorked a quart bottle of some of the finest old Bourbon that any of us ever tasted."

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Ballot Box as the Ark of the American Covenant.

The Powerful Enemies of This Sacred Chest are Ignorance, Intolerance, and Spurious Voting.

At the tabernacle Sunday morning Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., expounded some passages of scripture about ancient politics. He gave out the hymn:

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake."

The doctor's text was: "Two cubits and a half was the length and a cubit and a half the height of it."—Exodus, xxxvii., 1. He said:

Look at it—the sacred chest of the ancients. It was about five feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. It was within and out of pure gold. On the top of it stood two angels facing each other with outspread wings. In that sacred box was the law, and there were in it a great many precious stones. With that box went the fate of the nation. Carried in front of the host the waters of the Jordan parted. Divinely charged, costly, precious, momentous box. No unholy hands might lay hold of it. It was called the ark of the covenant. But you will understand it was a box, the most precious box of the ages. Where is it now? gone forever. Not a crypt of church or museum of the world has a fragment of it.

But is not this nation God's chosen people? Have we not passed through the Red Sea? Have we not been led with a pillar fire by night? Has this nation no ark of the covenant? Yes, the ballot-box, the sacred chest of the nation, the ark of the American covenant.

In it is the law; in it is the divine and the human will; in it is the fate of the nation. Carried in front of our host again and again the waters of national trouble have parted. Mighty ark of the covenant—the American ballot-box! It is a very old box.

In Athens, long before the art of printing, the people dropped pebbles into it to give expression to their sentiments. After that beans were dropped into it—a white bean for the affirmative, a black bean for the negative. After that, when they wished to vote a man out of citizenship they would write his name upon a shell and drop that into the box.

O'Connell and Grote and Cobden and Macaulay and Gladstone fought great battles in the introduction of the ballot-boxes in England, and to-day it is one of the fastnesses of that nation. It is one of the corner-stones of our government. It is older than the constitution. In it is our national safety. Tell me what will be the fate of the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, and I will tell you what will be the fate of this nation. Give the people once a year or once in four years an opportunity to express their political sentiments and you practically avoid insurrection and revolution.

Either give them the ballot or they will take the sword. Without the ballot-box there can be no free republican institutions. Milton visiting in Italy noticed that on the sides of Vesuvius gardeners and farmers were at work while the volcano was in eruption, and he asked them if they were safe. "Yes," said the farmers and the gardeners, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then comes earthquake and terror, but just as soon as the volcano begins to pour forth lava we all feel at rest." It is the suppression of political sentiment, the suppression of public opinion that makes moral earthquake and national earthquake. Let public opinion pour forth, and that gives satisfaction and that gives peace and that gives permanency to good government. And yet, though the ballot-box is the sacred chest and the ark of the American covenant, you know as well as I know it has its sworn antagonists, and I propose this morning in God's name and as a Christian patriot to set before you the names of some of the sworn enemies of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box.

First, I remark, ignorance is a mighty foe. Other things being equal the more intelligence a man has the better he is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage. You have been ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years studying American institutions; you have canvassed all the great questions about tariff and home rule and all the educational questions, and everything in American politics you are well acquainted with. You consider yourself competent to cast a vote in November, and you are competent. You will take your position in the line of electors, you will wait for your turn to come, the judge of election will announce your name, and you will cast your vote and pass out. Well done.

But right behind you there will come a man who can not spell the name of comptroller or attorney or mayor. He can not write, or if he can write, he uses a small "i" for the personal pronoun. He could not tell on which side of the Alleghany mountains Ohio is. Educated canary birds, educated horses know more than he. He will cast his vote and it will balance your vote. His ignorance is as mighty as your intelligence. That is not right. All men of fair mind will acknowledge that is not right. Until a man can read the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States and calculate the interest on the American debt and know the difference between a republican form of government and a monarchy or a despotism he is unfit to exercise the right of suffrage at any ballot-box between Key West and Alaska.

In 1872, in England, there were 2,600,000 children who ought to have been in school. There were only 1,333,000, in other words about 50 per cent., and of the 50 per cent. not more than 5 per cent. got anything worthy the name of an education. Now, take that foreign ignorance and add it to our American ignorance and there will be in November thousands and thousands of people who are no more qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than to lecture on astronomy. How are these things to be corrected? By laws of compulsory education well executed. I go in for a law which, after giving fair warning for a few years, shall make ignorance a crime. There is no excuse for ignorance on these subjects in this land, where the common schools make knowledge as free as the fresh air of heaven. I would have a board of examination seated beside the officers of registration and let them decide whether the men who come up to vote have any capacity to be monarchs in a land where we are all monarchs. One of the most awful foes of the American ballot-box is popular ignorance. Educate the people, give them an opportunity to know and understand what they can do. If they will not take the education deny them the vote.

Another powerful enemy of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is spurious voting. In 1880 in Brooklyn there were a thousand names of persons recorded who had no residence here, and if there were a thousand attempted fraudulent votes in the best city on the continent, what may be expected in cities not so fortunate? What a grand thing is the law of registration! Without it elections in this country would be a farce. There must be a scrutiny on this subject. The law must have the keenest twist for the neck of repeaters. Something more than slight fine and short imprisonment. It is an attempt at the assassination of the republic when a man attempts to get in a spurious vote. In olden times when men laid unholy hands on the ark of the covenant they dropped dead. Witness Uzzah. And when men attempt to put unholy hands on the American ballot-box, the ark of the American covenant, they deserve extermination.

Another powerful foe of the sacred chest is intimidation. Corporations sometimes demand that their employes vote in this and that way. It is skillfully done. It is not positively in so many words demanded, but the employe understands he will be frozen out of the establishment unless he votes as the firm do. So you can go into villages where there are establishments with hundreds and thousands of employes, and having found out the politics of the head men in the factory you can tell which way the election is going. Now, that is damnable. If in any precinct in the United States a man can not vote as he pleases there is something awfully wrong.

How do you treat that employe who votes differently from what you do? Oh, you say you do not interfere with his right of suffrage. But you call him into your private office, and you find fault with his work, and after awhile you tell him that there is an uncle or an aunt or a niece or a nephew that must have that position. You do not say it is because he voted this or that way, but he knows and God knows it is. If that man gives to you in hard work an equivalent for the wages you pay him you have no right to ask anything else of him. He sold you his work; he did not sell you his political or religious principals. But you know as well as I do that there is sometimes on that sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, a shadow corporate or monopolistic.

I do not wonder at the vehemence of Lord Chief Justice Holt of England when he said: "Let the people vote fairly. Interference with a man's vote is in behalf of this or that party. I give you notice that if an offender against the law comes before me I will charge the jury to make him pay well for it." No shadow plutoratic or motocratic or capitalistic. Every man voting in his own way—God and his own conscience the only dictator.

Another powerful foe of this sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is bribery.

You know something of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that were expended to carry Indiana in 1880. You know something of the vast sums of money expended in Brooklyn and New York in other years to carry elections. Bribery is one of the disgraces of this country. And there will be more money used in bribery in this autumn's election than in any previous election. It is often the case that a man is nominated for office with refference to his capacity to provide money for the elections, or with reference to his capacity to command money from others. You know the names of men who have at different times gone into the gubernatorial chair or congressional office, buying their way all through. I tell you no news. Your patriotic heart has been pained again and again and again with it.

Very often it is not money that bribes, but it is office. "You make me president and I'll make you a cabinet officer; you make me governor and I'll make you surveyor-general; you make me mayor and I'll put you on the water board; you give me position and I'll give you position." That is the form of bribe often and often in these great cities. I do not say it is so in our city, but you know again and again throughout the land these have been the forms of bribe offered. So it is often the case that by the time a man comes to an office to which he has been elected he is from the crown of head to the sole of foot mortgaged with pledges, and the man who goes to Albany or to Washington to get an office is applying for some position which was given away three months before the election. Two long lines of worm fence, one worm fence reaching to Albany and the other to Washington, and there a great many citizens astride the fence, and they are equally poised, and they are waiting to see on which side there is most emolument, had on this side they get down. But bribery kicks both ways. It kicks the man that offers it and the man that takes it. Bribery to-day you will admit to be one of the mightiest foes of the American ballot-box.

Another great enemy of that sacred chest is defamation of character. Can you find out from the newspapers when two men are running for office which is the best? How often in the autumnal elections the good man is denounced and the bad man applauded, so that you can come sometimes to no just opinion as to who is the best man, and there are hundreds and thousands of electors who go up to vote so utterly befogged they know not what they do. Is not that a fearful influence to be brought upon the ballot-box of this country? It has been so ever since the foundation of this government. Defamation of character.

Thomas Paine writes Washington a letter and publishes it, saying: "Treacherous in all private friendship and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an impostor, and whether you abandoned good morals or never had any." That is Thomas Paine's opinion of George Washington.

John Quincy Adams declared that he was solaced in regard to the scandals and the anathemas inflicted upon him by the fact that his father, John Adams, had to go through the same process, and John Quincy Adams declared he really thought in that present election there were men who gave their entire time to manufacting falsehood in regard to him. Martin Van Buren was always pictorialized as a rat. Thomas H. Benton and Amos Kendall were always pictorialized as robbers with battering-rams breaking in the door of the United States bank.

On the day on which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated president of the United States, March 1, 1801, the following appeared in the Sentinel of Boston: "Monumental inscription. Yesterday expired, deeply regretted by millions of grateful Americans, and by all good men, the federal administration of the government of the United States, animated by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, McHenry, Marshall and Stoddard; aged 12 years. Its death was occasioned by the secret arts and open violence of foreign and domestic demagogues. As one tribute of gratitude in these times this monument to the talents and services of the deceased is raised by the Sentinel." Under such defamation as that Thomas Jefferson wento into office.

My father told me that when Andrew Jackson was running for president of the United States the whole land was flooded with coffin handbills—pictures of six dead men, in allusion to the six deserters whom Andrew Jackson had had shot—and all the pictorials of those times represented Jackson as taking his office from the hand of the devil.

I saw at Put-in-Bay, O., in a museum, a prominent paper of 1844, which spoke of Henry Clay as a gambler, a libertine, and a murderer, and the manner in which he was defamed and the outrages which were heaped upon him may be well guessed from Mr. Clay's eulogy of his native state, Kentucky. He said: "When I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion."

Defamation! It is the curse of the American ballot-box. Just as soon as in the great cites a man is put up for office he is made the target. The fact that he is up is prima facie evidence that he must be brought down. His public life and his private life are scrutinized and all the electric lights are turned on. How often it is that men have gone down under such things. In every autumnal election the air is filled with carrion crows scenting carcasses. Caw! Caw! Caw! There are newspapers in the United States that in the great autumnal elections take wild license for liberty. They are filled with calumny. The editorial columns of such papers reek with it; their columns are stuffed with it. There are newspapers in the United States which in the great popular elections breakfast and dine and sup on indecency. They wallow in it. Swine like the mire. They give more for one quillfull of it than a whole hogshead of decent product. There are in these great autumnal elections men sitting in editorial chairs who write with a quill, not plucked from the stupid goose, or the sublime eagle, but from a turkey buzzard! Gouls! Gouls! They tip the city sewer into their editorial inkstands. Defamation of character is one of the curses of the American ballot-box today. In your great presidential elections who can tell from what he reads who is the man he ought to vote for? Bad men sometimes applauded, good men denounced.

Another powerful foe of the sacred chest, the ark of the American covenant, the ballot-box, is the rowdy and drunken caucus.

The ballot-box does not give any choice to a man when the nominations are made in the back part of a groggery. When the elector comes up he has to choose between two evils. In some of the cities men have come to the ballot-box to vote and have found both names such a scaly, greasy, and stenchful crew they had no choice You say vote for somebody outside. Then they throw away their vote Christian men of New York and Brooklyn, honorable men, patriotic men, go and take possession of the caucusses. First having saturated your pocket handkerchief with cologne or some other disinfectant, go down to the caucus and take possession of it in the name of the Lord God Almighty and the American people, though after you come back you should have to hang your hat and coat on a line in the back yard for ventilation.

In some of the states politics has got so low that the nominees no more need good morals than they do a bath-tub. Snatch the ballot-box from such men. Where is the is the David who will go forth and bring the ark of the covenant back from Kirjath-jearim? Do you not think politics has got to a pretty low ebb in our day when a Tweed could be sent to the legislature of New York and a John Morrissey, the prince of gamblers, could be sent to the American congress?

Now, how are these things to be remedied? Some say by a property qualification. They say that after a man gets a certain amount of property—a certain amount of real estate—he is financially interested in good government and he becomes cautious and conservative. I reply a property qualification would shut off from the ballot-box a great many of the best men in this land. Literary men are almost always poor. A pen is a good implement to make the world better, but it is a very poor implement to get a livelihood ordinarily. I have known scores of literary men never owning a foot of ground until they get under it. Professors of colleges, teachers of schools, editors of newspapers, ministers of religion, qualified in every possible way to vote, yet no worldly success. There has been many a man who has not had a house on earth who will have a mansion in heaven.

There are many who through accidents of fortune have come to great success while they are profound in their stupidity, as profound in their stupidity as a man of large fortune with whom I was crossing the ocean, who told me he was going to see the dikes of Scotland. When a member of my family asked a lady on her return from Europe if she had seen Mont Blanc she replied: "Well, really, I don't know; is that in Europe?" Ignorance by the square foot. Property qualifications will not do. The only way these evils will be eradicated will be by more thorough legal defense of the ballot-box and a more thorough moralization and Christianization of the people. That ark of the covenant was carried into captivity to Kirjath-jearim, but one day the people hooked oxen to a cart and they put this ark on the cart and the cart was taked to Jerusalem—the ark of the covenant coming with the shouting and thanksgiving of the people. And though the American ballot-box, the ark of the American convent, our sacred chest, has been carried again and into captivity by fraud and iniquity and spurious voting I believe it will be brought back yet by prayer and by Christian consecration, and will be set down in the midst of the temple of Christian partriotism. Whose responsibility! Yours and mine.

A poor soldier went to a hair-dresser in London. He wanted to get back to the army. He had over-run his furlough and he wanted some help to get back in quick transit. The money was given to the poor soldier, who said to the man who had offered the kindness: "I have nothing to give you in return but this little worn-out recipe for making blacking." He gave it, not thinking there was any value in it especially, and the man who took it did not suppose there was any special value in it, but it yielded the man who took it $2,500,000 and was the foundation of one of the greatest estates in England. And that little vote, that insignificant vote which you take out of your pocket—insignificant in your sight and insignificant in the sight of others—may start an influence that will last all through the progress of this government.

I charge you, then, as an American citizen, to remember your responsibility on the first Tuesday of November. It will begin early, the snow-storm of suffrages. It will snow all day—snow on until noon, snow on until night. The flakes will fall in every town and village and neighborhood, the white flakes. The octogenarian will come up, his hand trembling, and with spectacled eye he will scrutinize the vote and drop it and pass on. The young man who has been waiting for his time will come up and proudly and blushingly deposit his first vote and pass on. The capitalist will come up with bediamoned finger and the laborer with hard fist, and the one vote will be as good as the other. Snow-storm of suffrages, and then these white flakes will be gathered together and compacted into an avalanche that will slide down in expression of the will of the people. Stand out of the way of it! In the awful sweep of this white avalanche let political fraud go down a thousand feet under.

You have not only a vote you have a prayer. The prayer may be mightier than the vote. Oh, as citizens of this beautiful city and of this state and of this nation, let us do our whole duty! We can not live under any other form of government than that which God has given us in this country. The stars on our flag are not the stars of a thickening night, but the stars sprinkled amid the bars of morning cloud. We are going to have one government on this entire continent. Let the despotisms of Asia keep their feet off the Pacific coast and let the tyrannies of Europe keep their feet off the Atlantic coast. We are going to have one government. Mexico will follow Texas into the Union, and Christianity and civilization will stand side by side in the halls of Montezumas. And if not in our day, then in the day of our children, Yucatan and Central America will come in dominion, while on the north Canada will be ours not by conquest—oh, no, American and English swords may never clash blades—but we will woo our fair neighbor of the north, and then England will say to Canada: "You are old enough for the marriage day," and then, turning, will say: "Giant of the West, go take your bride." And then from Baffin's Bay to the Caribbean there will be one government under one flag, with one destiny—a free, undisputed, Christianized American continent. God save the city of Brooklyn! God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the Union!

A Little Advice.

One of the most loyely parts of the feminine figure is the way the head is set upon the throat and the freedom of the muscles of the neck. It has been said of prominent men that one may read their characteristics by the way they carry their heads. This is equally true of women, and a pleasantly explained reasoning of why it is well to hold up one's head, to carry one's self erect, to move the head in a gentle wave from side to side, instead of jerking in quickly round and as quickly back on a horizontal plane.

One of the freeing exercises of the muscles, practiced by the students of the Delsarte system, is as beneficial to the comfort as it is to the physical appearance, and it is surprising that more people do not use it constantly. It relieves that ache in the back of the neck of which so many who write, or sew, or play upon a musical instrument complain much, and it is an easy, pleasant, undulating motion to the head. First repeat, allowing the head to fall forward on the chest as far as it will, and as though it were inert and the neck jointless; and let it fall backward and to each side in the same manner, until this is neither jarring nor difficult, and the head falls low and far each time. Then swing it round and round at this angle as though the head were a dull weight on a pivot—round and round, first one way and then the other. The rest and the benefit soon become evident. This is the same movement extended to the arms, legs, shoulders, waist—in fact, to every joint, which enables actresses, after much practicing, to fall upon the stage without either pain or injury to their bodies.

One of the most clever interior decorators and furnishers in the city was called upon once to build a mantel in a room in which, through some mistake in the masonry, was an ugly jog in the wall near the chimney breast. The owner was bemoaning this misfortune and said to the designer: "I do not expect much of you in this mantel, for with such an ugly place as that nothing can be done."

"Ah! you are wrong," replied the artist; "expect more in me in consequence of this. I shall make a feature of it. I'll build the mantel as an addition to that jog; it shall be wholly supplemental to it. The jog shall be the feature of your room, and when I have finished people shall think it is there on purpose. Never let some defect prevent your doing what you wish with anything about a house. Tackel that very spot first."

What man can do with a house woman should be able to do with herself; she should find some way to hide her short-comings if only under the mantle of the beauty of other things about her. In fact, the accentuation of any agreeable trait or feature is always strongly individual. Thinness should be disguised by the modern loose dressing and made attractive by constant exercises productive of grace. Stoutness may be carried of well by keeping the body agile through the use of freeing exercises and activity of life and by dressing in dark colors, taking pains to wear also long, straight lines of drapery and adopting no extremes of fashion. Lameness may be partially hidden by long, flowing trains. Habits—bad habits—such as bouncing in and out of rooms, careless speech, crossing one's legs, scratching one's head, biting one's nails, snuffling or clearing the throat, lounging in chairs, dressing carelessly or slovenly a host of others can all be cured by the exercise of a little will power.

One often hears persons say: "I wish some one would tell me frankly my bad habits." but if some one only mentions one what a mistake that some one makes. Yet if we could only bring ourselves into the habit of accepting and giving such little advice and profiting by these habits every one would lose some disagreeable ones.—*Chicago Herald.*

"THE CITY OF DESTINY."

BY WILL VISSCHER.

This is the pet name for Tacoma, Washington Territory, from which place on this excellent 4th day of September, A. D. 1888, and of the republic the 112th, I write to you.

Tacoma is indeed a city of great promise, being the Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, and the head of the navigation on the grand sheet of water mentioned. The city is beautifully situated, on raising ground, at the mouth of Puyallup river, and it was laid out by a famous landscape gardener. The streets which run north and south are a succession of terraces, and those running east and west climb the hill by easy grades. All of the streets are broad, and along those parts of them which are built up the structurs are handsome, spacious and solid, and, altogether, Tacoma is an exceedingly well built city, for a place eight years old, and which has only had, in reality, four years of a lively existence. It is now growing with remarkable rapidity, and will doubtless be a place of 100,000 inhabitants in a very few years, though now its population is only 18,000.

"The Tacoma" is the name of the great hotel of the place, and it is one of the city's cheif ornaments. Please observe that I am not and have not been, and expect not to be a guest of the establishment, and in writing of it simply do so as a distant admirer. It is a huge building, with walls of pressed brick, and is of a mixture of Elizabethan and Queen Anne architecture. It stands on a great bluff overlooking the mouth of the Puyallup and the head of Commencement bay, and from its long, wide portocoes at the rear, and one of the grandest views of land and water on the continent is obtained. Puget sound, with its many wooded islands, stretches far away to the north, and to the south Mount Ranier, snow mantled eternally, looms up like a great pile of fleecy clouds. "The Tacoma" is the property of the Tacoma Land Company, and was built for the purpose of entertaining the myriad purchasers of real estate in this region, as well as the traveling public generally. It has proven a brilliant investment, as it is always filled with guests, to its utmost capacity, and has now taken the character of both a summer and winter resort, for here is the climate of "ethereal mildness," without heat in summer or cold in winter. Think of that, now, while in the east the dog-star rages in all his Sirius-ness, and think of it about January, *ante* and past, when "rude Boreas, blustering railer," is making himself so immediately forthwith.

Along the Puyallup for many miles above Tacoma, lies the great hop-growing region of the Pacific coast, in which the fragrant "Siwash," the only name by which the Indians are here known, are employed, at the proper season, as gatherers of the brown bloom from which John Bull, and others, squeeze their "'alf-and-alf," and from which arises a great profit, as well as much yeast. All the country about here which has not been cleared is covered with mighty forests of the finest pine timber on earth. I have seen vast piles of this timber, on countless acres of land, burned to get rid of it, and it looked like a pity. Only today I saw among the timber thus being destroyed a tree four hundred feet long, without a knot or branch, being cut up and heaped for the torch, in a clearing. Such trees and thousands of others of approximate size, are being thus burned by the mile every day.

The Northern Pacific road is building in Tacoma—in fact, has nearly completed,—a structure for its own use, as offices, which is another of the striking edifices of the place. It is unique in architecture, colossal and imposing, and that, together with other very expensive work in the way of grading, is an evidence that the road takes great stock in this city and will help it to its flattering "destiny." Among the work which the road is doing is that of removing a great hill, as high and long, for instance, as five squares of Chicago, from Randolph street to Van Buren between Michigan and Wabash avenues. This is being done by hydraulics, and the dirt is going into a place where low lands along the bay are being reclaimed from the tides, for the purpose of making room for warehouses, wharves and road-beds, and which, when completed, will vastly improve, both in appearance and convenience, the water-frontage of the city.

Across the Puyallup on land, which is covered by water at high tide, a wealthy St. Paul and Tecoma company is constructing a mill for the purpose of making houses, in a "knock-down" condition, which may be taken anywhere and set up as you would a bedstead. It will also manufacture furniture and all sorts of wood-work. The mill will cover seven acres of the land which is being reclaimed from the bay and will employ five thousand workmen. Such are a very few of the many promising features of "the city of destiny."

Altogether this is a wonderful country. Its resources in iron, coal and timber; its agricultural and commercial advantages, will give work and wealth to unborn thousands.

No Further Hope.

"All is over, darling," he said, in a tone of intense pain, and, leaning his head upon his hands, he writhed in anguish. "I see nothing before me but dark despair. We must part, and forever! I've just come from your father."

"Great heavens, George!" gasped the fainting girl; "did papa withhold his consent?"

"Ah, yes; until he has looked me up in *Bradstreet's.*—*Life.*

A Big Field All to Himself.

"Yes, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room."

"Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield, and you kin have it all to yourself."—*Harper's Bazar.*

In Kentucky.

Col. Bourbon—"Parson B. is getting lots of free advertising."

Mrs. Bourbon—"What's he been doing? Mixed up in some scandal?"

"No; he has invented a new automatic corkscrew."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bread Materials.

There was a dearth of wheat in England in 1629, 1630 and 1693, and in those years bread was made of turnips. They were boiled until they were soft enough to mash, when the greater part of the water was pressed out of them. An equal weight of wheat meal was then mixed with the pulp and the dough was made in the usual manner with yeast. The dough rose well in the trough and after being kneaded was formed into loaves and put in the oven. Bread prepared in this manner has a peculiar sweetish taste which is said to be not disagreeable; it is as light and white as wheaten bread, and should be kept about twelve hours before being cut, when the smell and taste of the turnip will scarcely be perceptible.

Potato bread is another kind, and there are several processes of making it. The simplest is to choose the large, mealy sort, boil them as for eating, then peel and mash them very fine, without adding water. Two parts of wheat flour are added to one of potatoes, and a little more yeast than usual. The whole mass is kneaded into dough and allowed to stand a proper time to rise and ferment before it is put into the oven. Bread so prepared is said to be good and wholesome. Erasmus Darwin advised the grating of raw potatoes into cold water, where the starch would subside. The starch from eight pounds of potatoes, mixed with eight pounds of boiled potatoes, he asserted, would make as good bread as the best wheaten flour.

Dr. Darwin even went so far as to say that hay that has been kept in stacks so as to undergo the saccharine process, may be so managed by grinding and fermentation with yeast, like bread, as to serve in part for the sustenance of mankind in times of scarcity.

To make rice bread, boil three parts of wheat flour and one part of rice, separately. Boil the rice well, squeeze out the water and mix the mass with the wheat. The process is then the same as for common wheat bread. A pound and a half of flour mixed with half a pound of rice will produce a loaf weighing from three pounds to three pounds two ounces, which is a greater gain than is got from wheat flour alone. Rice has also been tried in the same proportion with barley, and this makes a good bread for laboring people. Bread may also be made from buckwheat and the seeds and roots of several scores of plants.—*Good Housekeeping.*

An Acrobatic Fish.

It is not unusual when near a body of water to see the fish clear the surface in a jump for flies. The following, however, told by a gentleman claiming to have been an eye-witness, rather beats the record of long leaps by the finny family: Early one morning in autumn the narrator, then in the country, went to the shores of a little lake to try his luck with the line. Coming to a tree overhanging the water his attention was called to two young birds at the end of one of the lowest limbs. It looked as though it was the first time they had been out of the nest, as the mother bird was hovering restlessly about them. They made no attempt to fly, but kept edging along the branch until at the very tip, when the water reflected every movement distinctly. Suddenly a glistening pike darted up out of the bosom of the lake, snatched one of the little feathered fellows, and fell back into the water with it in his mouth.

It seemed incredible, and the observer could hardly believe his own eyes. One of the young birds was gone, that was unquestionable, and the old one was sounding her notes of alarm. The ripples in the water had hardly gone down when with a whisk of his tail up came the pike again and carried away the second youngster, falling back into his native element with a loud splash. In both instances the fish had gone over the branch, a distance of fully three feet from the water.

Rhoda J. Daniels has obtained in a San Francisco court a divorce from her husband on the ground that he has six other wives living. The parties were married in Rock Island and Mrs. Daniels was the widow of a soldier named Spalding.

Curious Ideas About Teeth.

In Lower Canada and the eastern states children are told when a tooth comes out that the new one will be a gold one if the tongue is kept out of the cavity.

An "old woman's" saying, handed down by many a fond mother tells us that to lose a tooth or an eye is also to lose some friend or kinsman, or is, at least, attended by some ill luck.

There was a tradition that from the time Chosroes, the Persian, carried off a piece of the true cross from Constantinople, the number of teeth in mouths of men was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three. It is needless to say, however, that mankind is usually provided with a full complement of thirty-two.

Teeth have been worshiped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India, and Cingalese worshipped the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and a shark's tooth served a similar purpose among the Malabar islanders and the Tonga Islanders respectively. The Siamese valued a monkey's tooth so highly that they are reported to have offered the Portuguese, into whose hands it had fallen by the fortunes of war, 700,000 crowns for it.

The period of teething being an anxious one in childhood, it is extremely important to have it over with. In the west of England a necklace of beags made from peony root, was placed on the child's neck to assist the operation, and one of amber beads was also thought to be powerful, either being considered a help; according to the complexion of the child, so were the different colored beads used. It was also said that the first teeth must not be thrown away when they fall out, for if any animal got such a trophy, the next tooth would be like that of the animal finding the old one.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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Its central position and close connection with Eastern Lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest, make it the true mid-link in that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities. It also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate places, making all transfers in Union Depots. Fast Trains of fine DAY COACHES, elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first class tickets.

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A Shooting Incident in India.

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were, says a Calcutta paper, returning at the close of a long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the Captain ordered a halt. The "line" at once pulled up, and he said: "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house [it was the old muzzle-loading days,] more especially where there are children. I propose we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool?'" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that gharrah," said the Captain, pointing to an earthen vessel which some ryots who were working at a little distance had as usual brought their day's supply of drinking-water in. "Good," said the fourth, "but, what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chicken on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "O," replied the Captain, generously, "commence at your end of the line." The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth bores, and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But, on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, all excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running doe from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the Captain. No. 1 grazed the right side of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No. 3 went just a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the Captain. "I'll trouble you for those 12 rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth; the bullet had cut the ground beneath it. Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle, and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the Sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched, and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad the Sahibs were, under the circumstances, to part with it.

Wise Words of Ancients.

The philosophers of India once possessed a book so large that it required 1,000 camels to bear it. A king desired to have it abridged. It was reduced so that it could be carried by 100 camels. Others demanded that it be reduced still more, until at last the volume was reduced to four maxims. The first taught justice to rulers; the second, obedience to the people; the third, temperance to men, and the fourth, modesty to women. This is much like the saying attributed to Hillel. One coming to him said: "O, rabbi, teach me the spirit of all the law while I stand on one foot." Hillel replied: "Do to others as you would them to do to you."

From Arda Viraf this parable is selected: "In Paradise I beheld one departed from earth, over whom a spirit sang: 'Well is he by whom that which is his benefit becomes the benefit of others.' Then in the dawn the soul of the departed one passed among pleasant trees, whose fragrance was wafted from God. And there met him a beautiful maiden, whose form and face was charming to heart and soul. To her he said: 'Who art thou, than whom none so fair was ever seen by me in the land of the living?' The maiden replied: 'O, youth, I am thy actions.'"

A Story of Emperor William.

One day he was inspecting the gardens at Babelsberg, accompanied by a young gardener. He noticed that the latter showed an ever increasing anxiety and preoccupation, and seemed to find difficulty in attending to his royal master. "Tell me, now, straightforwardly, my good fellow," said the emperor, "what is troubling you?" The gardener then told him he was an "Einjährig" volunteer, and that at such an hour, nearly approaching, he was due at the barracks at Potsdam. "Then put on your uniform and hurry off as fast as your legs can carry you." When the gardener soldier reappeared the emperor was in his carriage; he told him to jump in, and ordered the coachman to drive his fastest. When they arrived at the barrack yard the hour had already struck. "Herr Hauptmann," said the emperor to the officer in command, "I have brought you this laggard, but when you are setting his punishment do not forget that all the blame is due to me."—*New York Press.*

A Fair Exchange.

Mrs. Jones (who had just moved into the house occupied by Mrs. Smith)—"Dear, dear! I never saw such a dirty house in my life. I should think those Smiths never cleaned house while they lived here. And the yard is full of their old rubbish, too. It will take a month to clean up after them."

Mrs. Smith (who had just moved into the house lately occupied by Mrs. Jones.) Dirt! Don't talk to me of dirt! I've counted ten different kinds of finger marks on the parlor walls. And to think we moved on purpose so we wouldn't have to clean house! It's positively disgraceful to live as those Joneses do. I'd as lief be a savage."—*New York Tribune.*

Mrs. Harriet R. Shattuck, president of the recent women's convention at Washington, lives in a charming nook at the edge of Middlesex Falls, the great forest park north of Boston. The balcony of her house overhangs a picturesque little pond, and big rocks are piled high in the background. Her library table is placed where she can look across the low marshes to the state-house dome.

Common Sense

In the treatment of catarrh will indicate that local applications can do but little if any good; being a constitutional disease, catarrh requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It attacks at once the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which is passing through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, and rebuilds the tissues, giving them tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system and makes one feel that he has taken a new lease of life.

"For 16 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." Mrs. J. B. Adams, 4 Richmond Street, Newark, N. J.

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Friend—The One in The Middle—A Little Lesson, Etc.

A Boy Who Wants to Know.

Grandma Golf said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now, I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not;
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Stirred off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache,
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

A Friend of Humanity.

Standing on the platform of a Third avenue car the other day were a *Sun* reporter and a middle-aged, benevolent looking fat man. The fat man was plainly dressed, but there was an unmistakable air of prosperity and independence of the world floating about him. He talked pleasantly with the driver, laughed at the drivers jokes, and treated him generally with a generous and familiar recognition that seemed odd in a man of his evident superiority and importance. In front of a well-known financial institution in the Bowery the driver stopped the car. The fat man slipped a coin into the driver's hand, gave him a cheery "good day," and alighted. As the driver put the coin into his pocket the reporter noticed that it was a silver dollar.

"Rather a profitable and pleasant passenger, that," the reporter said to the driver, as the car started.

"Bet!" replied the driver. "Whitest man in this town. He has rode wid me for years, and never got off my car widout slippin' me all the way from a quarter to a dollar. He's the President o' that bank where he got off, back there, and you can bet der won't neve be no fly duck goin' to Canady wid a boodle from that bank. He knows wot's goin' on every minute in the day, an' he makes it enough to handle his funds to be up an' up an' honest. D'ye s'pose ders any faro skins a collarin' any o' dat man's cashers or tellers? Naw! Not much? D'ye s'pose der's any fly gals a dressin' in silks an' a wearin' di'mons dat's peen paid for with money swiped from my friend's bank? If ye do yer way off, cully. My friend knows wot he's a doin', he does, an' ye mustn't forgit it.

"Why, wot a ye t'ink he does, and wot he's been a doin' for twenty years. You see all dem bootblack stands, an' paper stands, an' lots o' other stands on de corners, in cellars, an' any place where dey can stick one in an' 'commodate the public? Well, wot does my friend get in his long head an' big heart, years ago, 'fore d' was much o' that kind o' business, 'specially bootblack stands, but that such t'ings wouldn't only be a helpin' to lots o' waydown young chaps an' old chaps, but would be a bang up 'commodation to lots o' people that was willin' to pay for usin' 'em. So he finds out ducks dat is looking for somethin' to do, an' wot hain't got no money nor nothin' to do it with, an' he lends 'em the money, or fixes up stands fer 'em, an' sets 'em to boot blackin' or sellin' papers, or any decent thing that de public was a achin' fer. He just takes dem fellers' notes fer de money, er wot de cost was, an' gives 'em time to pay. An' he tells me that o' I ferget how many dozen o' wot most folks 'd a t'ought was de wust kind o' no-'count duffs he has started in trade he hasn't never lost one dollar by 'em yet? Some o' de chaps he set up has got well off, and shines around big with wives and children. That hain't all, boss. Many a poor duffer dat was way down on his luck, an' just waitin' for an openin' to start in as a pickpocket, or a burglar, or a ward heeler has been took in hand by my friend. He's just braced dem ducks up by showin' 'em dat he had confidence in 'em and d' hain't one of 'em that ever went back on him or themselves. I can p'int you out more den a dozen o' such chaps dat's as square an' gittin'-along fellers as d' is on de Bowery. An' he don't only help fellers out o' holes an' set 'em goin' right an' honest, but he's done de same trick by many a gal as was bein' pushed to goin' wrong by startin' her in a payin' biz, an' she a gittin' a bully home an' lots o' friends the first t'ing she knowed. Dat's de whitest old man in dis town, cully, an' you can tell 'em I say so."—*New York Sun.*

What It Costs To Dress Some Babies.

A rich baby's layette now costs $500 or $600, and includes soft silk warp flannels handsomely embroidered, fine knitted shirts of snowy wool, beautiful hand-wrought dresses, not frilled and heavy with embroidery and lace, as formerly, but made of the finest French nainsook, tucked and hemmed by hand, with rows of drawn work as fine as lace, and pretty stitchings of briar work in fine floss, all wrought by hand, with real lace edges of narrow Valenciennes, and costing, plain and simple as they are, sometimes $50, $60 and $75.

A wrapper, shawl and little sacque of fine silk flannel, embroidered with forget-me-nots in the delicate blue of the natural flowers, of white daisies with yellow centres; a little clock of heavy white silk, wrought with the same fine briar stitchings in silk, rows on rows; a little close cap of the same material, embroidered all over with tiny silk sprays; and tiny silken socks of pretty tints, are included in the layette, which is as dainty as a mother's loving fancy can design.

The baby basket is a mass of lace, frills and ribbon, and thin muslin, lined with pretty satin or silesie, and costs all the way from $5 to $50. The bassinet, or cradle, is another pretty bauble of brass or white willow, white enamelled, canopied with satin and lace, and with lined furnishings hemstitched as finely as a lady's kerchief, and covered with soft silk quilt of down.

One noted baby born in New York not long ago had a cradle of mother of-pearl in the shape of a sea shell, with legs and handles of solid gold, lined with amber satin, and with a canopy of satin and rare old lace falling from a gold framework and sweeping the floor. The linen was hemstitched and edged with real lace by the fair hands of a happy mother. Five sets of diamond buttons, six gold rattles, a solid silver toilet set, solid gold safety pins, diamond amulets and rings enough to cover every little finger and toe were among his baby presents.

Then there's the christening and a robe which costs from $100 to $1,000, a mass of rich lace and fine stitching, sometimes made of point lace, and, like a wedding dress, worn at the ceremony and never worn again.

A Little Letter in Grammar.

Careless habits of speech are among the prominent faults of our young people, even those young people who have advantages of schools and intelligent home surroundings. Recognizing this the Professor of English Literature at Wellesly College has prepared a list of "words, phrases, and expressions to be avoided," from which the young (and old) readers will receive many serviceable hints:

Guess, for suppose or think.
Fix, for arrange or prepare.
Ride, and drive, interchangeably. [Americanism.]
Real, as an adverb, in expressions real good, for really or very good, etc.
Some or any, in an adverbial sense: e. g. "I have studied some," for somewhat. "I have not studied any," for at all.
Some ten days, for about ten days.
Not as I know, for not that I know.
Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.
Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
Singular subject with contracted plural verb: e. g., "She don't skate well."
Plural pronoun with singular antecedent: "Every man or woman should do their duty;" or, "If you look any one straight in the face, they will flinch."
Expect, for suspect.
First-rate, as an adverb.
Nice, indiscriminately. (Real nice may be doubly faulty.)
Had rather, for would rather.
Had better, for would better.
Right away, for immediately.
Party, for person.
Promise, for assure.
Posted, for informed.
Post-graduate, for graduate.
Depot, for station.
Stopping, for staying.
Try and do, for try to do.
Try and go, for try to go.
Cunning, for small, dainty.
Cute, for acute.
Funny, for odd or unusual.
Above, for foregoing, more than, or beyond.
Does it look good enough, for well enough.
Somebody else's, for somebody's else.
Like I do, for as I do.
Not as good as, for not so good as.
Feel badly, for feel bad.
Feel good, for feel well.
Between seven, for among seven.
Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.
Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration: We taste a dish which tastes of pepper.
More than you think for, for more than you think.
These kind, for this kind.
Nicely, in response to an inquiry for health.
Healthy, for wholesome.
Just as soon, for just as lief.
Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.
The matter of, for the matter with.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The One in the Middle.

Five very plump birds met one pleasant spring day,
And seated themselves in a row on a rail;
The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
Then four of them merrily sang, "Summer's coming,
And soon we shall hear the brown honey-bees humming,
And see brightest sunshine—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow and pink,"
Sang the four in a chorus once more; "and the rill
Will give us the sweetest of water to drink,
And grass seed be plenty in field and on hill,
And a host of our kindred their way will be winging
Towards our home, all the news of the sunny South bringing,
And we'll feast them on berries—oh, hey diddle, diddle?"
"Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly dear,
There is not the least reason that glum you should be
When the time we have wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay and cease trouble to borrow,
Take good care of to-day—hope the best for to-morrow
And join in our singing—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"I won't and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

The Rights of Women.

J. G. Holland: I believe in women. I believe they are the sweetest, purest, most unselfish, best part of the human race. I have no doubt on this subject whatever. They sing the melody in all human life, as the melody in music. They carry the leading part, at least in the sense that they are a step in advance of us, all the way in the journey heaven-ward. I believe that they can not move very widely out of the sphere which they now occupy, and remain as good as they now are; and I deny that my belief rests upon any sentimentality or jealously, or any other weak or worthy basis. A man who has experienced a mother's devotion, a wife's self-sacrificing love, and a daughter's affection, and is grateful for all, may be weakly sentimental about some things, but not about women. He would help every woman he loves to the exercise of all the rights which hold dignity and happiness for her. He would fight that she might have those rights, if necessary; but he would rather have her lose her voice entirely than to hear her sound a base note as long as a demisemiquaver.

At the Last.

"Be not deceived," the sick one said,
With languid turn of pillowed head;
"We came from nothing into life,
To nothing go from being's strife;
The Will that drew us from the dust
Withdraws its hold, and fall we must.
This throbbing form, this shrinking brain
Will join the elements again
And live no more save in God's hands,
As substance for his future plans,
This shadow-land of which we hear,
Like fairy lore delights the ear,
But no convincing proofs are found,
Nor is it logic clear and sound.
Be not deceived. To die means death;
All goes with this uncertain breath."

Yet—when the parting time was nigh,
And we, with saddened hearts, stood by,
There came into her fading eyes
A quick, keen look of glad surprise;
So strong, so plan—we saw its trace
Hours after on the dead, cold face.

—[LAURA GARLAND CARR.

A Nebraska girl chose for her graduating essay the subject, "The Possibilities of the Broom," and in three weeks received and accepted an offer of marriage.

A JAPANESE HOUSE.

Its Oddities Have No Counterpart in Western Architecture.

How to describe a Japanese house, where nothing is like anything corresponding to it at home? From the outside it is an uninviting big black barn; inside it is a spotless doll's house magnified a thousand diameters, all wood and wicker and white paper. The entrance hall is a platform raised a couple of feet above the ground, where you take off your boots if you are a foreigner, or leave your sandals if you are a Japanese. A screen door slides back and you are in—but that depends on circumstances. Sometimes you are in one room and sometimes in another. It may be a general sitting-room, fifty feet square; it may be a bedroom (if you call early in the morning); or you may find yourself in an impoverished sanctum and intruding upon somebody writing labored descriptions for a far-away press. For here walls have not only ears, but they have legs, and when you wish to make a new room you simply "form square" by sliding enough panels in their grooves to inclose the space, or at your pleasure all the rooms can be thrown into one, inclosed, in our case, by forty-six panels. Those forming the sides of the house consist each of sixty little paper panes. To wet one's finger, stick it silently into the window, and peep through—this is the natural Japanese counterpart of occidental surreptitious inspection by the keyhole. The floor is of mats; not mats strewed about as at home, but solid structures of delicate stuffed wicker an inch thick, of conventional and regular size, let into the floor—elastic, spotless, immovable, never profaned by even the daintiest of slippers. Chairs and tables are, of course unknown, and the posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels. This squatting, by the way, is very painful at first, and, like the "blameless dances" in Ruddigore," "takes a deal of training." At meal times squat anywhere and your food is placed before you. When you are tired you throw yourself anywhere on the floor, with no fear of soiling your white linen suit. When evening comes you do not seek your bed chamber; you simply make it, by sliding the walls around the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The rough and ready way according to my American friend, is to tread around on the floor till you find a specially soft mat, and then lay a few walls upon it for a couch. A more luxurious one is to have a futon or thick quilt spread out, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it. The chief drawback for a foreigner is that his hip-bone, which is more prominent than that of a Japanese, is terribly in the way, and my journalism not having yet advanced to graduation upon the plank bed, I have not learned the trick of obliterating the natural projections of the body. But you sleep comfortably in spite of the marauding rat, whose immunity from attack has rendered him equally inquisitive and harmless, and in the morning when you return from the bath, bed and bedroom have alike disappeared. It is the story of Aladdin domesticated.—*Tokio Correspondence Washington Star.*

Gen. Hampton's Display of Nerve.

A middle-aged man approached Gen. Wade Hampton the other day in the senate and asked his influence in pressing a claim before the committee on military affairs. He said:

"General, I am glad to see you again. You don't recognize me, but you personally made a prisoner of me in the war."

Comparing notes, Hampton found that it was a fact, and recalled the circumstances. He was reconnoitering one night and missed his way. Around him burned many more camp-fires than he had left behind him, and entering a house he discovered that he had strayed into the enemy's lines. A few soldiers were seated at a table, and addressing them abruptly, as if he was a superior officer of their own army, he asked who they were and what they were doing there. One man spoke up and replied:

"We belong to the 8th New York regiment, and Gen. Warren sent us to get milk."

Hampton felt that all his nerve and address would be required to extricate him from his dangerous position. He reached for his pistol, held it along his thigh, and on leaving the house commanded the man who had spoken to him to follow. He did so. Hampton mounted his horse and called the man to him. Bending down to the soldier's ear, he whispered.

"I have a pistol aimed at your heart, and will shoot you if any alarm is made."

The surprised man whispered:

"I surrender."

Hampton then bade him move on just ahead of his horse, and so brought him into the confederate camp. It was this same man who, after twenty-three years, met his captor and asked a favor of him as a senator which he was more than willing to grant.—*New York Tribune.*

At a recent meeting of Middleport Post, No. 125, of the Ohio Department, G. A. R., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Ohio Legislature has thrown its protecting arm around the Grand Army of the Republic by passing a bill prohibiting the sale of "intoxicating liquors" within two miles of any Grand Army reunion or encampment; and

WHEREAS, Such acts of kindness should not go unreciprocated, therefore, be it

Resolved, That Middleport Post, No. 125, G. A. R., desiring the welfare of their benefactors, most earnestly recommend the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within two miles of the usual place of meeting of the Ohio Legislature.

What the Bible brings to you will depend in large measure upon what you bring to it. You may have a crumb, or a loaf, or a granary full to bursting, just as you choose. There is gold on its surface, there are jewels in its mines, there are royal pearls in its depths. All are not equally prepared for its study; but every one can do his utmost in its patient, loving study, and no labors will bring a surer or a richer reward.—*A. J. F. Behrends.*

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Content.

Why should we mourn o'er a sorrowful past
And crave for a peace that will come at last?
Each life hath woes that are keen to bear—
Its pains and its heartaches and its despair,
It is better to laugh than to sigh and grieve;
To sorrow in tears is not to live—
From pain win gain and be content!

Why should we fear in a halting-place
To peer beyond with an eager face?
Each life hat gloom and bewildering waste
Where fruits grow fair that are bitter to taste.
It is better to haste through a thorny way
Than to halt in its path to wait a new day—
Make fair each care and be content!

Why should we sigh for a dear love, dead,
That was lost to our life by faith mislead?
Each life hath jog, that wins and slays
With its promise of hope and its sad delays.
It is better to watch by a fading gleam
Than to waken to gloom from a vanished dream—
Endure, and thou'rt sure to find content!

Why should we fail or falter in strife
'Twixt good and the ill that prevail in life?
In reaching for heights, unblest or blest,
Each soul of us hath some war with rest;
Crowned or uncrowned at the end of the flight,
'Tis better to battle than flee in afright,
Better to lose than to lament—
He hath enough who hath content!

—[HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE.

Gout in most cases first makes itself known by an acute pain in the joint of the great toe. This most excruciating pain may be likened to that produced by the driving of a wedge under the nail. For gout use Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," a little at a time of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and you will relieve your cold, and not rack your chest and lungs to pieces, and keep everybody else in a state of agitation. Price twenty five cents.

Robert Kraus' statue for Boston of Theodore Parker is being cast in bronze in New York.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

A Chanute (Ks.) minister prayed that "the Lord would not withhold his blessing from this congregation, even if some of them were looking around at some one else."

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price $1.00.—6 bottles $5.00.

Joel Smith, of Leominster, Mass., at the conclusion of a speech in the town a few days ago, remarked: "I must go now," and then fell dead upon the floor."

It is probably little known that the New York Herald's London correspondent is that one-time well-known lawyer and would-be dramatist, A. Oakey Hall.

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The Great Ki-Ka Tea.—To the lovers of good tea you will find in the **Ki-Ka** tea something that has never been imported to the United States before. This tea grows near the KI-KA mountains and surpasses all others for its pleasant, flowery flavor. The KI-KA tea is used exclusively by the natives of Japan, being strictly PURE, containing no poisonous coloring, and is a pure, healthful beverage. To introduce the KI-KA tea we will send, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, one pound of the KI-KA tea, put up by the natives in Japanese tin-foil packages, and every lady purchaser sending the most words with the letters K. I. K. A. used in them will be presented with a BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE TEA SET, valued at $40.00, on Feb. 15, 1889. After that time we expect to have it in all the leading grocery and tea stores in the United States. Address, **The Ki-Ka Tea Co.,** 195 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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is the first form of Dyspepsia. It may be the fault of the food, but the CHANCES ARE it is the stomach's fault.

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DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

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5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for **$60.** Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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Read SYMPTOMS and CONDITIONS THIS Specific Will RELIEVE and CURE.

If Your heart thumps after sudden effort, skips beats or flutters, if you have heart disease, faint spells, fits or spasms,

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$75.00 to $250.00 A month can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

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CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS Wanted. $1 an hour. 50 new articles. Catalogue & sample free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1888.

WILLIS.

Died, on Friday of last week, of typhoid pneumonia, Mr. Charley Moore, of Milan. Mr. Moore was a son-in-law of George Bennett. A wife and three children mourn his loss.

Mrs. George Russell and her father spent two days in Detroit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons, of Exeter, visited at D. W. Potters, Sunday.

A. C. VanWormer is loading a car at Willis for Kansas, whither he is going with his family soon.

Died, very suddenly, of congestive chills, Miss Mary Champion, of the Island School District, aged 22 years. Miss C. was sick only two hours. Her grief stricken parent and relatives have our sympathy in their great affliction. Miss C. was a member of the M. E. church at Stony Creek.

The prohibitionists of Augusta cast 35 straight ballots last Tuesday.

While Harrison is jubilant, Cleveland mourns.

CANTON.

Politically everything is quiet here except those who feel very sore over the result of election.

On Tuesday evening the young people's Methodist Alliance of Denton met at the home of Mr. Sines', the President of the society. This society is doing a much needed work for the young people of the vicinity. A work in which every one should show a helpful appreciation.

It is strange a sign stating that, "those spitting tobacco juice on the floor, will be fired into the street," hangs where "people of the highest respectability meet."

Saturday the citizens and church members of Denton surprised their pastor, Mr. Bird, with a brand new cow. The brother lost a nice Jersey a week before by having her neck broken.

Quarterly meeting was held at Sheldon's, Monday evening. The pastor's salary was raised, $25. We seem to appreciate our new pastor very much. The estimating committee also raised the proportion of Denton charge to $291, and we think unjustly.

LODI.

Mrs. Geo. Wood is again very sick.

Mrs. Eli Benton was taken very suddenly and dangerously ill about two weeks ago with disease of the brain, and paralysis of one side, and although a little better at the present time, but very little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Mrs. Geo. Johnson who has been very sick, for several weeks, with typhoid fever, contracted while caring for her sister Mrs. Lesimer of Ann Arbor is improving rapidly.

The democrats of the town are feeling very sore over the defeat of Grover, but the republicans are jubilant, and the sheep men are wonderfully encouraged, as there has been a good demand for stock sheep since election, while before that everything was dead and dull. During the past week men from Eaton and Livingston counties have visited some of the best flocks in this town, and taken home with them sheep to improve their own flocks.

Mr. Butters of Pulaski, Jackson Co., was the guest of A. A. Wood last Friday, and while here purchased one of Mr. W.'s fine stock sheep. All the sheep men say that the value of their sheep has doubled since election. As we are not to have free wool, the flocks of the country will again be profitable, notwithstanding the fact that would-be Congressman Stearns told the people of this country that it did not pay them to keep sheep any way.

The November meeting of the Farmer's Club was held at the residence of David Cody, last Friday, with a good attendance in spite of the stormy weather. The discussion was opened with an essay by Mrs. E. C. Warner, upon "The relation of a farmer's wife to her husband's business," after which an animated debate was engaded in by the members. The meeting was an interesting and enjoyable one, and Mr. and Mrs. Cody entertained the company in their usual agreeable manner.

President's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to almighty God for His goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day He made them a Nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness, He has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care He has warned us of our dependence upon His forbearance and has taught us that obedience to His holy law is the price of a continuance of His precious gifts.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a Nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the throne of Grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and in their accustomed place of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all his mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and marts of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders and for our advancement in all that adds to the Nations greatness.

And mindful of the afflictive dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge His mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympath ywith our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that He has enjoined upon us charity; and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the City of Washington, on the 1st day of November, 1888, and in the year of independence of the United States the one hundred and thirteenth.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President,
T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The time-honored custom of our fathers, a year filled with peace and plenty, the absence of famine and far-reaching pestilence and the unexcelled comfort and prosperity of our people, have all come to us through the mercy and goodness of an all-wise and over-ruling Providence. In recognition of these blessings and in harmony with the sentiments of a thankful people, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1888, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise. Upon that day let us remember and be grateful by thought, word and deed that in our own Commonwealth of Michigan we are among the most favored of peoples, and may our gratitude find expression in praise to Almighty God. Let the happiness that may come in the preservation of health, the sunshine of prosperity, the reunion of friends, or through other channels, be increased to each of us by some generous deed to another more unfortunate than ourselves.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed hereto the great seal of the State this tenth day of November. A. D. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-eigth.

By the Governor, CYRUS G. LUCE.
G. R. OSMUN, Secretary of State.

FEEDING VERSUS FIGHTING.

What It Means to Keep the Army's Immense Stomach Filled—The Glory.

"There is one feature in active military operations," said an old Union veteran in the course of a long war reminiscence, "that the general run of people little realize, and that is, what it means to feed an army, and especially an army pushed far in advance of its base of supplies. An army is a terrible creature to feed. It fights occasionally; it feeds all the time. It is an immense stomach with thousands of mouths always crying for more. It can't be put off or ordered not to be hungry. With 20,000 or 30,000 men in a thinly settled, mountainous country—an enemy's country at that—and with that enemy in possession of a part of the only rickety railroad running through it, and his cavalry gallivanting around, you know not exactly where, between you and the place you draw your tons of supplies from, your only means of getting these tons on tons of bread and salt beef or pork and other things is to have them hauled over this half made mountain road, which a man brought up in a finished country would hardly dare to travel on anyway.

"You have creeks to cross or rickety bridges, or you find the bridges destroyed. You have small rivers to ford, liable to be swollen at any time in a few hours by rain. You have only a single wagon track to travel on, running up and down hills and mountains, or along their sides, not kept in repair, and if a wagon breaks down your whole procession of vehicles is stopped until it can be got out of the way. You don't know at what moment in this country, new and strange to you, a squad of guerrillas, to whom every road and pass has been familiar from their youth, will swoop down or fire from an ambuscade upon some portion of your long drawn out, straggling train of wagons, all of which, from the narrowness of the road, it is impossible fully to guard. You must drive along, also, possibly, a herd of half wild, half starved cattle, who will dash off or stray off in the woods through which they are passing at every chance they can get.

"You have sixty or eighty miles of this sort of country to pass through before you can reach the 30,000 hungry men, living now on a cracker per day. You may advance ten miles a day. You may twenty. You may make only five. Distances in an up and down country like this are very uncertain. You can't go at a gallop with a wagon train. And you are the officer in charge of this slow, lumbering, long drawn out, clumsy procession. You are responsible for its safe delivery to the hungry army. You've got your hands full and your head full, and when you've bossed road repairs, built bridges, pushed everybody and everything to keep them moving, and then, half worn out and half dead through care and the strain of the responsibility, you get your train through in safety, and for a few days more feed this collective stomach which otherwise would have starved, how much glory awaits you?

"Well, search our pictorial military annals and see how much of the pomp, circumstance and sensation of war you find illustrated about a wagon train. But society would tumble to pieces today without cooks, kitchens and beef cutting men with white frocks and cleavers, and all the epauletted figures on horseback about an army dwindle down, man and beast, to very 'poor critters' in a very few hours if they've no crackers to nibble on or hay to chew. I tell you, war means feeding as well as fighting, and there's a great deal of unrecorded glory due the quartermasters and sergeants who had to look after the bread and beef which gives men strength to stand on their legs and pull triggers."—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

The Chinese in California.

Speaking of the variety of work done here by the Chinese, they are employed in many of the factories. They are the porters and cleaners of the city to a large extent, and they compete with the sewing girls and the chambermaids. In the Palace hotel, where I am stopping, the Chinese seem to do the greater part of the work, and I see quiet, almond eyed, yellow skinned men in blue gowns cleaning here, scrubbing there and brushing in a third place all over this big house. They do work that an Irish servant girl would refuse to do, and I saw a half dozen of them today creeping along the narrow ledges outside the great galleries of the rotunda washing paint. A misstep would have surely killed them, and you could no more get a negro or an Irish servant girl to take such a risk than you could fly.

I visited several of the Joss houses here and watched the Chinese at worship. They do not seem to be a severely religious race as far as those in America are concerned, and the richer among them have an idol or so of their own whom they pray to in their own houses. There are, however, half a dozen big Joss houses here, and each of these has its idols by the dozen. One idol especially worshiped is the god of medicine, who is represented as holding a golden pill and who is supposed to be able to cure diseases, and another also much worshiped is the god of wealth. The god of wealth is named Tsoi Poh Shing Koun, and as all of the Chinese in this country have come here to make their fortunes, he never lacks votaries. The worshipers bring him offerings of food, tea and wine, and the incense always burns before him. The Chinese worship here without ceremony. They chat together as they pray, and often do not take their cigars or pipes out of their mouths while going through their forms of worship.—San Francisco Letter.

Sound and Color Sensations.

The phenomenon of color-audition was first brought to the attention of the scientific world by Dr. Nussbaumer, of Vienna, who, when a child, was engaged with his brother one day in striking a fork against a glass to hear the ring, when he discovered that he saw colors at the same time that he perceived the sound; and so well did he perceive the color, that, when he stopped his ears, he could divine by it how loud a sound the fork had produced. Dr. Nussbaumer was afterward able to add to his own observations nearly identical ones made by a medical student in Zurich. Later on, M. Pedrono, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, observed the same peculiarities in a friend. In these cases musical sounds gave sensations varying the color according to the instrument played upon, thus showing the dependence of the phenomenon upon the timbre. For instance, the saxophone gave yellow sensations; the clarionet, red; the piano, blue. Henri de Parville, in Popular Science Monthly, says: "Popular expressions are often significant. 'I saw three dozen lights of all colors,' or some such expression, may frequently be heard from persons who have received violent blows on the head or face. Under the influence of shocks of this kind, the eye seems to see infinite numbers of sparks. Shocks of a certain class impressed upon the nervous system seem to have the faculty of producing phenomena of light. There are persons endowed with such sensibility that they cannot hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors. Each sound to them has its peculiar color: this word corresponds with red, and that one with green; one note is blue, and another is yellow.—Science.

In the New Flat.

Mrs. Honeymoon—Oh, Charlie, what a small room this is!

Mr. Honeymoon—Very. Spare room, I s'pose. Sparest room of the lot.—Harper's Bazar.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS

That there are persons in a community who are doubtful in regard to where their interests will be best served when they wish to buy Fine Shoes. Some are led away by the delusive inducements of those take-'em-away-for-nothing sales, and others look around and satisfy themselves where the best can be had for the least. We not only claim, but do sell the Finest Shoes for the lowest living prices, and kindly invite you to see our new arrivrls of Fall Styles at

-:GOODSPEED'S:-

ON MONDAY, NOV. 5TH.

——I WILL OPEN A——

New Troy Steam Laundry!!

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

Where I will be glad to see all who wish first-class Laundry Work done without the use of Chemicals or injury to clothes.

The plant is being fitted up wilh a complete outfit of the best and latest improved machinery manufactured by the Troy Laundry Machinery Co.

I was induced to locate here from the fact that the people acted as though they wonld support such an industry, and the city I am sure is large enough to insure a paying business. The people heretofore have been obliged to send their laundry work to some other city, or have it done by the Celestials, who send their money out to a Foreign Country. Your patronage solicited.

W. B. PHILLIPS, Proprietor.

"Do you swear to your circulation?" asked the advertising agent to the truthful county editor. "No," said the truthful county editor truthfully, "I swear at it."

Real Estate Transfers.

Albert F. Ball and wife to Dalton D. Richards, Milan village, $575.

G. W. and C. E. Bogole to Hiram Brown, Augusta, $510.

Francis Reason and wife to Sanford Reason, Dexter, $3500.

Joseph McMahon to George W. Bailey, Manchester, $40.

Ann Sutton to Geo. M. Sutton, Manchester, $650.

Christina Weinmann et al, to Ernest Hauselmann, Augusta, $1.

James Talbert to Gottfried Scnoettle, Ann Arbor city, $1300.

Francis J. Roper and wife to Wm. H. Roper, Northfield, $700.

Mary Rosannah Stone to Wm Donaldson, release of Dower.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Oct. 8, 1888.

Wheat	90@ 1 00
Corn, ears	18@ 22
shelled	40@ 46
Oats	25@ 27
Rye	45@ 50
Barley, ℔ cwt	1 00@ 1 25
Buckwheat	60@ 70
Hay	8 00@10 00
Beans	1 00@ 1 30
Potatoes	20@ 30
Turnips	20
Onions	25@ 35
Parsnips	45@ 60
Cabbage, ℔ head	3@ 5
Butter	20@ 22
Eggs	19

FOR SALE.

A rare opportunity is offered to secure a comfortable home with 10 acres of elegant land just outside the city limits, at very low figures and on easy terms, as the owner wishes to leave town. Apply at the Ypsilantian Office or J. N. Wallace.

FARM FOR SALE.

A farm of 140 acres with good buildings and water and 30 acres of wheat, is offered for sale at reasonable figures and easy terns. Location, two miles from Ypsilanti City. Apply at this Office. 6375

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MONDAY EVG., NOV. 26TH.

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Prima-Donna Soprano.

MISS HOPE GLENN,
Contralto of Nilsson Concert Co.
(Specially Engaged from London.)

MME. TERESA CARRENO,
The World-Renowned Pianist.

MR. LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG,
Violin Virtuoso.

MR. LEON KEACH,
Musical Director and Accompanist.

Admission, $1.00.

Family Tickets, admitting 6, $5.00.

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GOOD DINNER!

Leave your orders with us for a nice

TURKEY or CHICKEN

We keep the best brands of

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In can or bulk.

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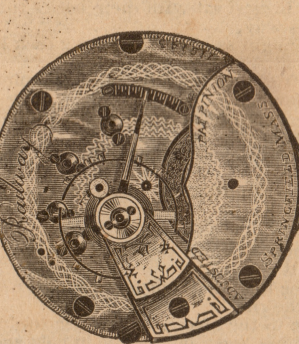

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If you like a good Cup of Coffee try our Reverie Java and Blend

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Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries. Try some of our HONEY-BEE COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits in season, and prices always the lowest at the

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FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of

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FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,
BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL,
WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS,
PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER,
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